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GICK! V1#1

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GICK!

horror • splatter • exploitation



BLOODY TRANSPLANTS! BOUND SCHOOLGIRLS! ACID-DROPPING PSYCHOPATHS!

UP FROM THE DEPTHS

by Scott Stine

As you may have noticed, more than a year has passed... so our fetid little bi-annual publication is right on schedule. (Whew. And I thought we wouldn't be able to keep up such a demanding itinerary. Silly me.) The usual penny ante excuses-slash-reasons still stand: Lack of funds, burn out, involvement with other time-consuming projects, et al. Regardless, it was undoubtedly worth the lag time. Reason one, **GICK! #1** is—in terms of breadth and quality—bunny leaps above previous issues. (The new 48 page, magazine size format and full color cover will clearly attest to this.) Tired of waiting for the funds to trickle so as to upgrade **GICK!**, we decided to go full boar in regards to our somewhat lacking production values. (It was worth it just so we could get our hands on some of those nummy sugar cookies the blood banks hand out.) Reason two, one of the aforementioned penny ante excuses-slash-reasons was actually a pretty damn good one. We made a movie. No, really... a sleazy (albeit pretentious) shot-on-video (digital, of course) fifty minute professionally edited and scored honest-to-goodness horror flick. Although not great by anyone's standards, it was successful enough a venture for us to realize, hey, we can do better than a great number of independent (i.e. my dad just bought me a video camera, so let's get a bunch of friends together this weekend and make a horror flick) filmmakers. (And, more importantly, we're going to get *better* at doing it... unless we're bled to death first.) So, not above patting ourselves on the back (or kicking ourselves in the teeth, whichever may be more appropriate), we'll be giving this and any other productions we work on full coverage in the pages of this magazine. (I'd say it's free advertising, but the needle marks say otherwise.)

More home front news: We have a couple of new faces around here. Okay, so one is actually the same face under a different moniker. Michael Sherman has, in the interim between this issue and last, had his name legally changed to Michael von Sacher-Masoch. (And who says nobody ever gives credit to the classics anymore.) Apparently, he took this watching really bad films thing a little *too* seriously; knowing this rag brings out the latent masochism in anyone makes me truly, truly proud. The other addition, Mr. Devon Bertsch, is one of the fine individuals I met through the magazine; ironically enough, he didn't live halfway across the globe but, oh, about ten minutes away, having even went to the same schools I did. Trying to impress him with my vast knowledge (okay, okay... my really *big* video collection), he parried with uncut prints of *Holocausto Canibal* and *Anthropogagis*, neither of which I had decent copies of. Touched.

We need your input, people! We want to know how we can improve this magazine without changing the overall scope or—gick!—selling out. (Jesus creeping shit... even *saying* the “s” word gives me the heebie jeebies.) Also—if you haven't noticed from our errata—we are prone to making some mighty boneheaded mistakes, and we need the public to keep us on our toes. So, write us and tell us when we fuck up. You know you want to; it's not everyday you can tell a publisher he made a *faux pas* of the most inexcusable sort.

You thought *that* was a pathetic sign of desperation, try this on. (Well, retailers anyway.) We need advertisers! The main reason this magazine only sees the light of day once a year is because we can't afford to put it out more often. We sell a fair amount of copies, but since we've been upgrading each and every issue, the additional costs quickly eat up whatever profits the previous issue may have generated. We have extremely reasonable rates, and are always running specials of some sort. So, if you're a filmmaker, a publisher, or a reasonably legit video outfit, and need to get the word around, we can help. Classifieds are also available to the general public at 10¢ a word, although—for the time being—you may want to restrict it to general “wanted” advertisements as there is a bit of a lag currently between issues. Just write to us for our rates and we'll send you out an advertising packet ASAP.

Okay, let's see... I've begged for forgiveness, I've tooted my horn, I've kissed some ass, I've pleaded for money and attention, and I've left very little room for Mr. von Sacher-Masoch's guest editorial... well, that about wraps it up, methinks. (Maybe I'll think of something pertinent to say about, oh, I don't know, *films* by the time issue two rolls around... but don't count on it.) Anyway, we hope you enjoy the garish monstrosity which you now hold in yer sweaty, ink-stained palms. (A little soap should take that right off.)

Scott Stine

Purveyor of Filth and Other Unmentionables

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*Our Cover: A really cool ad
mat from Tentacles (1976).*

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GICK!

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This is all of the *other* nifty stuff available from the people who bring you **GICK!**

Come visit our web page! [Http://members.aol.com/trashfiend/page/index.htm](http://members.aol.com/trashfiend/page/index.htm)

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Scott's VIDEO VAULT

by Scott Stine (with some added commentary by Michael von Sacher-Masoch)

Film reviews are accompanied by extensive credits and outlined accordingly:

Original title of film [Translations, if necessary] [Year of production]

Production company or, if unknown, **distributor** [Country of origin]

DIR = Director/s, **PRO** = Producer/s, **SCR** = Screenwriter/s, **DOP** = Director/s of Photography, **EXP** = Executive Producer/s, **ART** = Art Director/s, **AST** = Assistant Director/s, **EFX** = Special Effects [Make-Up, Mechanical, Stop-Animation, and Visual], **MUS** = Music Composer, and **STR** = Cast (All are alphabetized by last name. In case of a single name—usually reserved by either dogs or strippers—it is alphabetized thus.)

AKA = Alternate title/s [Translations, if necessary] (In case of altered variations where additional footage is added, original years of productions are given as well.)

Approximate running time; Color and/or Black & White [3-D, if applicable, or if it was—God forbid—"shot on video"]

NOV = Availability of movie novelization and author [Publisher]

SND = Availability of soundtrack [Record label]

VID = Availability on videocassette and title of release [Video label (format of tape if not NTSC); printed running time of print; language of print and subtitles, if not in English; widescreen letterboxing (LBX), if available; and—if applicable—any "double-bill" or "triple-bill" features the video may contain] (When a running time of a particular videocassette is erroneously cited on the box or label, the actual running time of the print it contains is noted in parenthesis immediately following the listed time; I have also done the same with "compressed" running times of non-NTSC formats. As a rule, I tend, I tend to round the running time to the nearest minute. Also, **RTU** = Running time unknown.)

Some of the titles may also be accompanied by less technical information regarding a film, including **ADL** = Adlines/blurbs used in advertisements, **PUB** = Various promotional and publicity gimmicks, and—for those with weak constitutions and/or a sense of ethics—various "Warnings" as to whether a film contains scenes of animal cruelty, slaughterhouse footage, or actual surgery footage. Also, some credits are followed by a footnote when further clarification might be in order.

And, not to forget the hardcore splatterpunk, I have issued certain films a "hardcore" rating (delineated by a "暴暴暴" at the end of the review). These are included solely for those indiscriminate individuals who are only looking for the goriest fare, and don't want to mull around with only reasonably bloody outings. As far as carnage is concerned, these are the *crème de la crème*. (It doesn't mean they're any good, though. They're just nastier than what most people are accustomed to.)

The Amazing Transplant (1970)

Mostest Productions, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Doris Wishman

PRO: Doris Wishman

SCR: Doris Wishman

DOP: C. Davis Smith

EFX: Eli Haviv

MUS: Music Sound Track

STR: Pat Barrett, Olive Denneccio, Sandy Eden, Juan Fernandez, Larry Hunter, Suzzan Landau, Kim Pope, E.B. Priest, and Linda Southern

Approximately 78m; Color

VID: The Amazing Transplant
[Electric Video Inc.; 80(78)m]

ADL: *His was the most unique of all... women died for it.*

A woman is called up by her ex-boyfriend and, while waiting for him, she spends the time lounging around nude before jumping into an obligatory shower scene. He shows up, proposes to her, then goes buggy at the sight of her gold hoop earrings. He can take being referred to as "poor sick Arthur" only so many times before he strangles her and makes himself scarce. Conveniently enough, the girl's uncle is put on the case, and goes about interviewing girls who got suckered in by the "charms" of poor sick Arthur. As it turns out, Arthur's simple appendectomy was actually a penis transplant, facilitated by a back alley abortionist, and the donor was his very amorous friend Felix. (Apparently, the earrings are a fetishistic catalyst for Arthur's violent behavior, making this

The Amazing Transplant continued...

already screwy exploitation flick even more wacky.) He is eventually caught, but the outcome of the trial—displayed on the front page of a newspaper—is left obscured in the final frames, a “Lady and the Tiger”-style cop out that somehow only adds to the charm of this pathetic endeavor from the inimitable Doris Wishman.

Although the video box makes this one out to be a documentation of the exploits of a modern day Jack the Ripper, *The Amazing Transplant* is nothing more than a rather silly, but no less bent excuse to show numerable soft-

core rape scenes. (A scene involving a nearly violated lesbian vomiting during the ill-fated attempt is particularly, well, uhm... *moving*. I think is the word I am looking for.) As if I need to point it out, this is obviously not a film for those who pride themselves on being politically correct.

Although Ms. Wishman decided to hide behind the “Louis Silverman” and “Dawn Whitman” pseudonyms for this film (as director/producer and screenwriter, respectively), anyone familiar with the Chesty Morgan flicks (i.e. *Deadly Weapons* and *Double Agent 73*, both 1974) will recognize Wishman's trademarks here as well. (In particular, her own distinct style of post-synch dubbing. So as to avoid the hassle of having words match the actors' lips, the camera focuses on everything *but* the person speaking; not only are over-the-shoulder shots common-place, but close-ups of feet, inanimate objects, *whatever*, become the center of attention during the more extensive conversations. Also of note is the use of recycled footage and slo-mo to help pad out the still-shy running time.)

With an early film appearance by notable 70s porn actress Kim Pope, who starred in such preeminent films as *Young Nymphs* (1973), *Intimate Teenagers* (1974), and *Schoolgirls' Reunion* (1975) (You don't get any classier than that, now do ya'.)



Mike 2EZ...

It looks like the joke's on me... I thought the title referred to a *brain* transplant.

Normally I don't care for rape films, but the sleaze value here is so high and the plot was so odd that I couldn't help but *not* like this one. I never would have guessed that an “organ” transplant would transfer the donor's fetish for gold earrings and penchant for rape to the recipient. (*Maybe the screenwriter knows something that the medical community doesn't.* The Editor.)

What are those weird close-ups of the detective, and why does he seem so disinterested when someone is talking to him? And, most importantly, what is up with the ending? Regardless, this is a must-see.

The 70s were, hands down, the decade for sex-ploitation films, and *The Amazing Transplant* proves it once and for all.

Autopsia [Autopsy] (1973)

Profiles [Spain]

DIR: Juan Logar

MUS: Phonorecord

STR: Vicente Acitores, José Aguayo, Jr., Juan Antonio Aguilar, Gregorio Alonso, Pedro Alonso, Juan Antonio Arévalo, José Antonio Ariguita, Julian Azañón, Clorinda Cáceres, María José Cantudo, Rafael Curonis, Antonio Ramirez de Loays, José Antonio Echavarri, Juan Luis Galiardo, Félix Gallego, Faustino Garcinuño, José Angel Juanes,

Montserrat Julió, Eva León, Juan Logar, José María Manrique, José Marco, Joaquín Martín, José Martínez, José Antonio Mayans, Dolores Merlo, Vicente Minaya, Julio Molina, Josefa Morales, Rafael Pacheco, Fernando Perrote, Ricardo Poblete, José Luis Poveda, Emiliano Redondo, Rose Requena, Francisco Rosella, Betsabe Ruiz, Gregorio Sacristán, José María san Mateo, Jose Ricardo san Mateo, Ma del Carmen Sánchez, José Luis Andrés Segura, Jack Taylor, Loretta Tovar, Ernest Vafes, Hilario

Autopsia continued

STR: Camacho Velilla, and Maria Vilar
 Approximately 87m; Color
 VID: Autopsy [All Seasons Entertainment; 90(87)m]
Further credits were currently unavailable at press time.

Having been unable to sit through this entire film without my scan button locked in place, I will put my faith in the synopsis given on the back of the video box which reads "A war correspondent, sickened by what he's seen and experienced, decides to probe deeper into the heart of Vietnam. Beginning at a military hospital, he sees first hand as doctors perform the gruesome human dissection commonly called an autopsy. And what he ultimately uncovers is far worse than anything a medical textbook would dare show." What he uncovers is a repulsive, highly repugnant exploitation film that hides behind a thin veneer of socially conscious rhetoric. The over abundance of talkingheads is consistently broken up with archival Vietnam war footage depicting various atrocities, and—as the title coyly suggests—some even more unnerving autopsy footage. Not content with simply

showing the general procedures used in eviscerating a corpse, this film goes as far as anyone possibly can in showing cadavers being literally torn apart and rendered unidentifiable as human beings. (Having seen real autopsy footage in the past, I can't help but believe that the otherwise real footage herein is staged, and that the "doctors" are simply hired butchers. How the producers ever got the rights to film such a display, I haven't the foggiest.)

Mike 22...

Over all, *Autopsia* is sick exploitive crap that tries to pass itself off as a pseudo-documentary by utilizing, first, Vietnam war footage, then autopsy footage. Once the latter starts, it turns into a lame, nearly plotless film that capitalizes on the geek show gore, while hiding behind heaps of cut-rate philosophy. Had it been a straightforward documentary, the filmmakers may have been more successful in what they were trying to pull off, and I might have had a better opinion of the film. But, as it stands, *Autopsia* is not only gross, but it is ultimately unproductive as well.

The Brides Wore Blood (1972)

Robert R. Favorite Productions [USA]
 DIR: Robert R. Favorite
 PRO: Robert R. Favorite
 SCR: Liz Blanda, Dottie Favorite, Robert R. Favorite, Tom Rahner, and Bob Smith
 ART: Stinson Associates
 MUS: Lee Peters
 STR: Rita Ballard, Jim Billington, Robert Carberry, Paul Everett, Chuck Faulkner, Dottie Favorite, Dolores Heiser, Norman Howard, Billie Jensen, Bruce Kerr, Bob Letizia, Leana Lucas, Ken Pacetti, Jean Rahner, Tom Rahner, Ben Robinson, Art Schill, Jan Sherman, Mike Sherman, and Dolores Starling
 Approximately 84m; Color
 VID: The Brides Wore Blood [Regal Video Inc.; 84m]
 ADL: *Sometimes Death is The Easy Way Out*

A young man inherits a house abandoned for 200 years, and discovers a secret compartment, and in it a diary that once belonged to his great uncle. The journal tells of the de Lorca curse, a vampiric affliction which just might explain why his ancestors were so unpopular. The action anachronistically cuts to four girls being invited to the family castle under the pretense of a free tour. (The "invitation" consists of a scrawled note, handed to them in the streets by our resident hippie hunchback.) Having decided to forgo singles' bars altogether, the de Lorca heir decides to pick and choose from the four girls his bride. A monster made up of green grease paint, toilet paper, and moss also figures into the

Unbalanced equation somehow, but he's quickly dispatched so it doesn't make a heap of difference anyhow.

This ultra-obscure Florida-made cheapie is slow moving and nearly impossible to follow (continuity relating to the time and locale is nonexistent), but this shouldn't deter anyone looking for a quick fix of 70s trash. The gore—sparse as it is—consists mostly of a slit throat and a machete to the head. Throw in some cheesy synth music, acid-inspired photography, and a nihilistic finale, and you have, well, yet another crappy 70s flick that will win the hearts of truly pathetic film aficionados. (Yours truly included.)

If you have an aversion to sideburns, stilled dialogue, and cheap plastic fangs, though, avoid at all costs.

Mike 22...

Although slow moving at times, *The Brides Wore Blood* surpasses its low budget. The acting is competent and, despite being sporadic, the gore is effective. (Unfortunately, the same can't be said for the make-up effects. There is not only a vampire who can't open her mouth lest her fangs fall out, but some crappy monster make-up and a poorly done disintegration by sunlight for the lead vampire.) The film also boasts a beautifully done, nihilistic ending which only could have been done in the 70s. Boy, I love those oilistic endings. (*You and me both. It's almost worth having to wade through polyester bell-bottoms and disco again just to have them come back in vogue. Almost. The Editor.*)

The Curse of the Screaming Dead (1982)

Little Warsaw Productions [USA]
 DIR: Tony Malanowski
 PRO: Tony Malanowski
 SCR: Lon Huber
 EFX: Bart Mixon [Make-Up]
 MUS: Charlie Barnett
 STR: Rebecca Bach, Jim Ball, Judy Dixon, Christopher Gummer, Mimi Ishikawa, Mark Redfield, Bump Roberts, Richard Ruxton, and Steve Sandkuhler
 AKA: *Curse of the Cannibal Confederates*
 Approximately 88m; Color
 VID: *The Curse of the Screaming Dead*
 [Mogul Communications; 90(88)m]

Three hippie couples on a hunting trip stumble across a graveyard which dates back to the time of the Civil War. Unfortunate for them, the stumbling scriptwriter decided to cut their little nature hike short by resurrecting the members of a platoon buried therein, and giving them voracious appetites to boot. (Not soon enough, I'm inclined to point out. The viewer must sit through well over an hour's worth of them bickering amongst themselves before the bloodthirsty regiment has a chance to administer the propers.) And, you see, the fuss is all over a goddamn flag. (The socio-political allusions are just so

dam *profound... donchya' think?*)

Being a 70s zombie flick, *The Curse of the Screaming Dead* dutifully goes through the motions, with scads of unwitting extras gnawing on pig gut and latex. (The scenes of cannibalism are actually quite funny, although I don't think guffaws are quite what the filmmakers wanted in return for their efforts. Still, you can't help but laugh at scenes of old men in smeared greasepaint slurping up a storm, chewing on viscera draped over unscathed bellies. It would probably be even funnier if these scenes didn't go on, and on, and on, and on, and...) Not only are the zombies unconvincing, but when it's time for them to be dispatched, their noggins are replaced by exploding paper-maché heads, with stock fireworks footage laid over the lame action. Now *that's* what I call top notch optical effects. (It would make the late Al Adamson proud, I assure you.)

As could be expected, the crappy production values are topped off by an equally dungy script; my guess is that it was probably prepared for a short film, and not a full-length feature. (Lucky, lucky us they decided to go for broke.)

Although the credits insist that this mess was cooked up in '82, it's obvious from the unwashed hippie stink that this sucker probably was cooked up sometime in the mid-70s; until I have further proof, though, I'll leave the date as it is.

Curvaceous Corpses (1994)

Kryptik-K. Productions [USA]
 DIR: Paul Knop
 PRO: Kryptik K. Productions
 SCR: Paul Knop
 DOP: Paul Knop
 STR: Melita Johnson, Danielle McCormick, Tony McDowell, Tori Olson, Robert Schultz, Jodie Simonson, Julie Wiedmeyer, and Mary Sue Wiedmeyer
 Approximately 53m; Color [Shot on video]
 VID: *Curvaceous Corpses*
 [Kryptik K. Productions; 60(53)m]

Well, here's a waste of a three buck rental. (Nothing new, to be sure, but I'm feeling particularly cheated about now. Even if I'd gotten it on a three-fer-two special, I'd no doubt be inclined to pitch a gripe.)

Here's what I know (which would be no different had I watched the *whole* thing on fast-forward). Some loser making a no-budget film about someone killing off actresses with a snake necklace (secretly equipped with hypodermic needles

and curare) is, apparently, actually killing off the actresses. For no apparent reason, I might add.

Why this film was made, I can't ascertain. What should be an exploitation film exploits nothing but our eagerness to rent films which we know are going to turn out to be lousy shot on video dreck. (Won't we ever learn? The Xeroxed video sleeve should have tipped me off, but too many crappy films must've rendered my ability to reason useless.)

There is no bloodshed; this didn't entirely surprise me, but the lack of sexploitation elements did throw me for a loop. Granted, the girls aren't the usual skanky blondes shoving their silicone hooters in the camera's eye; instead, the women on display are brunettes who, well, never strip down to anything past their bikinis. (I'm not a fan of the obligatory shower scene by any means, but if your going to put them in your film, at least get actresses who will actually get naked for the part, if only for the suspension of disbelief.) Oh, and by the way... production values suck. (Maybe you can't get enough of those shitty synth scores, but I've heard my share, thank you very much.) I don't even have the heart to mention the wonderful "edit it as you go along" nuances.

Death Line (1972)

K-L Productions [UK]
 DIR: Gary A. Sherman
 PRO: Paul Maslansky

SCR: Ceri Jones
 DOP: Alex Thomson
 ART: Denis Gordon-Orr

Death Line continued

AST: Lewis More O'Ferrall
 EFX: John Horton
 EFX: Harry Frampton [Make-Up]
 MUS: Will Mallone and Jeremy Rose
 STR: Hugh Armstrong, James Cossins, Gerry Crampton, James Culliford, Hugh Dickson, Sharon Gurney, David Ladd, Christopher Lee, Colin McCormack, Ron Pember, Gordon Petrie, Donald Pleasence, Terry Plummer, Norman Rossington, Heather Stoney, Clive Swift, June Turner, Gary Winkler, Suzanne Winkler, and Jack Woolgar

AKA: *Raw Meat*

Approximately 88m; Color

VID: *Raw Meat* [Carlton Video (PAL); 83m]

ADL: *The most terrifying journey you will ever make... to the land of the hungry dead!*

An American economics student and his Brit girlfriend come across a man—apparently unconscious—in the subway. Unbeknownst to them, he's with the Ministry, so the authorities are more than a little interested when they tell the police their story. Suspicions fall on the couple, though, when the authorities arrive on the scene and find the body missing... yet another addition to a long string of odd disappearances. As it turns out, the culprits are the descendants of workers trapped in a cave-in circa 1892, who, out of necessity, acquired a taste for—c'mon, you already knew it before I got this far—*human flesh*. (Is it just me, or shouldn't the 70s be remembered as the decade of the cannibal?)

Although all of the ads obliterate any of the surprises this film may have once held for the viewer, this virtually lost film is a great 70s shocker that is deserving of a decent release stateside. (Bootlegs from a now out-of-print UK tape are—as far as I know—the only copies in circulation as of this writing.) But despite it's wonderfully exploitive demeanor, this is actually one of the more, how should I put this, *poignant* cannibal flicks to cross my path. (Call me a bleeding heart, but I really felt sorry for these pathetic wretches; Christ, all they need is a little love. And support. And a lifetime membership to Anthropophagus Anonymous.) Despite its sometimes dated charm, *Death Line* still manages to be quite effective. Part of the film's success lies in its intentionally slow pacing, and its use of silence to compliment the sparse score, both tools used to heighten the tension. Unfortunately, today's generation—dependent on non-stop action to keep their deficit-riddled attention spans—will not be able to fully appreciate such a film.

And, yes, there is some gruesome after-the-fact gore, but it—like the music—is used conservatively to great effect. (The only scene which would constitute over-the-top is our first view of the cannibals' lair-cum-abattoir, a set strewn with corpses which—although underlit—is just as unnerving as it is truly repugnant. Even *without* the realistic corpses, it is a scene which would likely evoke shivers.)

THE MOST TERRIFYING JOURNEY
 YOU WILL EVER MAKE
 ...to the land of
 the HUNGRY
 DEAD!



If that isn't enough for you, remember that Christopher Lee—albeit in a small part—and Donald Pleasence as a fairly chipper, but abrasive police detective are on hand to spice things up.

Hey, Elite/Anchor Bay Video is looking for other titles to release in their definitive versions; I suggest anyone with a few minutes of spare time go and drop them a line about this flick. It's worth a shot.

Mike 222...

Despite a slow start, *Death Line* eventually kicks in with one long, unedited take which pans over the dungeon-like interior of the cannibals' living quarters filled with

Death Line continued

Mike (2+11) 2EZ...

some wonderful rotting corpses. Although this is the best of

some truly gruesome scenes and neat sets, it doesn't disappoint from here on out.

Besides, any movie with Donald Pleasence (one of my favorite actors) has got to be good.

Demon Queen (1986)

Camera 1 Productions [USA]

DIR: Donald Farmer

PRO: Donald Farmer and David Reed

SCR: Donald Farmer

DOP: David Reed

AST: David Reed

EFX: Carole Reed

EFX: Rick Gonzales [Make-Up]

MUS: Jan Hafflin

STR: David Blood, Cliff Dance, Mary Fanaro, Ric Foster, Mark Holman, Debbie Leigh, Michele Poncier, Lauren St. Michael, Dennis Stewart, Robert Tidwell, Patti Valliere, and Annett van Grinsven

Approximately 54m; Color [Shot on videocassette]

VID: **Demon Queen** [Mogul Communications; 54m]

A man picks up a girl; apparently, she's not impressed by his performance as she promptly plucks out his heart. Something of a story begins to unfold but—being particularly unimpressed by the performances of everyone involved—I promptly fast-forwarded to the gore as this is the only reason this film was made. (In retrospect, I should've kept my scan button engaged; the effects work isn't nearly as impressive as the pics on the back of the video box make it out to be.) Somewhere along the line, a zombie epidemic ensues. Oh, boy.

Most of **Demon Queen** is on par with 80's shot-on-video porn, complete with a cheesy synth score and—at least in the case of this film—some unnecessarily painful T & A. (The only engaging part of the film was pausing to look at a rack of

horror vids on display in a video store; I own 90% of what they showed, if *that* means anything.) Even at the conservative running time (at least six minutes of which were credits), this was a hard one to sit through, folks. (Good thing it wasn't any longer, if only because I might've had to replace the batteries in my remote before the film ran its course.)

Director Farmer went on to do a slough of other no-budget productions (this was his first outing as far as I know), but, from what I've seen, he should have stuck with publishing instead. (His short-lived **The Splatter Times** was an inspiration to many a young splatterpunk, myself included... and I don't mean that facetiously.) His heart is in the right place, and he obviously loves what he's doing, but I just damn well hope he gets a knack for this filmmaking thing before too much longer. (Maybe if someone gave him a 16mm camera and some film stock...)

Mike 2EZ...

This straight-to-video dreck suffers from the usual: Bad acting, mostly lame gore effects, a crappy soundtrack, and—in particular—big time continuity problems. (A dream sequence which shows a woman ripping open some guy's stomach is particularly bloody, although her hands remain awfully dry throughout, as does his removed heart.)

Even worse, one of several scenes involving a video store—all of which were pretty pointless to begin with—has a couple renting a copy of **Make Them Die Slowly**, whereupon the store's owner is inclined to give them a completely bogus synopsis of the film.

The Disco Godfather (1979)

Generation International, Inc. [USA]

DIR: J. Robert Wagoner

PRO: Rudy Ray Moore and Theodore Toney

SCR: Cliff Roquemore and J. Robert Wagoner

DOP: Arledge Armenaki

EXP: Jules Bihari and Burt Steiger

ART: Robert A. Burns

AST: Terry Smith

EFX: Robert A. Burns

EFX: Jimmy Lynch [Make-Up]

MUS: Ernie Fields, Jr.

STR: Renee Armalin, Deniece Aubrey, Ron Bass, Sophia Bibbs, Robert Bond, Al Braggis, George Brown, Rita Brown, Julius J. Carry III, John Casino, Xavier Chatman, Marilyn Coleman, Vetta Collier, Leroy

Daniels, Tina Darien, Girard Davis, Frank Finn, Debbie Fisher, Jesse Floyd, Roger Franklin, West Gale, Pam Gartrell, Satir Gonzalez, Ronny Harris, Vivian Harris, Latisha Harrison, James H. Hawthorne, Fitzhugh Houston, Jessie Hudson, Howard Jacks, Romeo Jackson, Pucci Jones, Robin Keith, D'Bore Loggins, Jimmy Lynch, Lonnie Malcolm, Monica May, Timothy Melson, Myron Montgomery, Franklin Moore, Rudy Ray Moore, Antar Mubarek, Harry Murray, Harold Nilles, Amy Nelson, Paunita Nichols, Miguel Norwood, William Nutting, Romona Ortiz, Dolorise Parr, Pat Patterson, Theresa Patterson, Madonna Perry, Darrel C. Porter, Cleveland Posey, Lady Reed, Romona, Jeannie Sherry, Linda Sims, Sonny Smalley, Maurice

The Disco Godfather... continued

STR: Smallwood, Melvin Smith, Lori Solomon, Cheryl Song, Hazel Spears, Carol Speed, Garsten Spencer, Sara Stevens, Fred Strother, Ben A. Taylor, Randall Thomas, Delanie Vaughn, Latrease Wakefield, Dino Washington, Pat Washington, Doc Watson, Phil Wilkes, Marshall Williams, Theodis Williams, Clarice Wilso, and a host of other poor souls who probably want to forget this film was ever made.

AKA: *Avenging Disco Godfather*
The Avenging Godfather

Approximately 93m; Color

VID: *Avenging Disco Godfather*
[Active Home Video; 93m]

I've been threatening my readers with this one for quite some time now, and I'm finally making good on it. I know what you're thinking, but trust me... this one's a hoot.

Comedienne-turned-actor Rudy Ray Moore plays a cop-turned disco jockey who, when not strutting his stuff at the local disco, is off tracking down angel dust dealers. I know, I know... so far, it doesn't sound like atypical blaxploitation fare, but there's more. Apparently, anyone exposed to the aforementioned drug suffers from hallucinations involving: a witch with painted eyes, long fingernails, and a sword; the resulting dismemberments; and rotoscoped orc rejects from Ralph Bakshi's *Lord of the Rings*. (Not surprisingly, one poor girl strung out on PCP is thought to be possessed by the devil, so the church jumps at the chance to have an exorcism which—going by the film's editing—takes most of a week to perform, but with great success!) Moore, armed with martial arts skills almost as impressive as his incompetent acting abilities, has his work cut out for him, so he organizes a vigilante group to do what the cops can't... namely, kick the bad guys' asses.

How one can even grasp just how bad this film is without having seen it for themselves is beyond me, so I'll just give you a quick lowdown even though it's a futile attempt at best. Being a product of its time, disco plays a major part in the film; when people aren't boogying down at the local club (sometimes—egads!—on roller skates), the disco-oriented soundtrack is there to remind the viewer just how silly and self-obsessed the late 70s were. The action is so abysmally choreographed that no amount of slo-mo effects, stop motion photography, or blood capsules could improve on the effect.

As for the acting, it's pretty obvious that the casting department went out of their way to find people even more inept than star Rudy Ray Moore so he didn't stick out like a sore thumb, but even there they failed. (The only thing more fun than watching him stumble over his lines repeatedly is to see his "Buttwhet" impersonation; and you thought Eddie Murphy had reinvented it! The scriptwriting doesn't fare any better than the other production values, as could be seen in such surreal exchanges as "Anybody who moves gets their afro blown off!" "You're not making sense!" "It's the Charmin!" (Anyone who can tell me what that conversation was all about gets a free issue of the magazine.)

And there's gore. Not a lot, mind you, but more than one would expect from a PG-rated pro-disco/anti-drug flick. (Besides the aforementioned hallucinated carnage, there's some unbelievably bloody kicks to the head, an eviscerated stuffed doggy nailed to someone's door, and a really messy *seppuku* in a bathtub. And, yes, it's all just as badly conceived as everything else therein.)

Mr. Moore preceded this flick with two Shaft clones (*Dolemite* and *The Human Tornado* aka *Dolemite II*, 1972 and 1976, respectively) which have got to be at least half as much fun as this sucker was.

Mike 2EZ...

(Note: You'll have to excuse the following "review" as it was transcribed from Michael's notes taken during the initial viewing of this film. Most of the time, I have no problem translating his notes, but it is obvious from the mess before me that he was a bit... overwhelmed, shall we say, by the whole ordeal. The Editor.)

Overwhelmingly large black cast. Awful sound print. Cool PCP hallucinations. Some good special effects, mostly bad, especially animation. Lots of good lines from ham actors, especially Rudy Ray Moore. Poorly staged martial arts action in slo-mo; in dire need of editing. Lots of unintentional humor, scenes too numerous to mention. More disco scenes than one person could possibly stomach, especially Rudy Ray Moore's. (Rudy Ray Moore shirtless, overweight.) Anti-PCP message; viewer might need to smoke it to appreciate this movie. No one can get their lines right; (the "attack the whack" battle cry keeps getting reversed). Quickest car chase ever filmed. Strange editing. Great editing. Head hurts. Aaahhhhh...

Il Etait une Fois... le Diable [Once Upon a Time... the Devil] (1986)

Albatros Films [France] and Condor Films [France]

DIR: Bernard Launois

SCR: Bernard Launois

DOP: Guy Maria

AST: Claude Plaut

EPF: Trielli

EPF: Plastic Studio [Make-Up]

MUS: Paul Piot and Michel Roy

STR: Catherine Day, Nicole Desailly, Christian Paumelle, Marcel Portier, Veronique Renaud, and Pascal Simon

AKA: *Devil Story*

Approximately 72m; Color

A pig-faced psychopath kills a couple of campers and tosses their corpses down a well. Then another man makes

Il Était une Fois... le Diable continued

the mistake of asking the selfsame "le Monstre" for directions to the nearest gas station, and suffers a similar fate. And just when you're about ready to write the whole thing off as a silly monster-cum-slasher flick, it switches gears and begins to focus on a man and his disturbed wife who take up in a creaky seaside hotel. (Even the whole look and feel of the film changes from cut-rate exploitation to passable Euro-gothic fare; you almost wonder if it's two entirely different short, unfinished films pasted together.) Everyone forgets about "le Monstre"—at least for a while, anyway—as everything now begins to revolve around a ghost ship and a re-animated Egyptian mummy. (Don't even *bother* asking if it all ties in together. I wouldn't tell you if I knew.)

Obviously, the gore is one of the reasons, if not the reason this flick was propagated to begin with. The viewer is greeted with lots of loving close-ups of spurting blood, as well as a particularly nasty—albeit ridiculously staged—gut scene. Unfortunately, when actors aren't being dispatched, we are offered nothing more exciting than a very agitated horse (who—everyone's chagrin—receives more screen time than any of its human counterparts).

The Headless Eyes (1971)

Laviniaque Films, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Kent Bateman

PRO: Ronald Sullivan

SCR: Kent Bateman

EXP: David Bowman and Chandler Warren

STR: Bo Brundin, Mary Jane Early, Gordon Ramon, and Kelley Swartz

Approximately 80m; Color

VID: **The Headless Eyes** [Wizard Video; 78(80)m]

ADL: *He's out there... out of sight, and out of his mind!*

Warning: Contains slaughterhouse footage.

A cat burglar is caught in the act, and his eye is scooped out with a spoon by a none-too-happy victim. (Lucky for her it just happened to be lying on the endstand.) As a result of the accident, the ex-con is now a psychopathic artist with an eyepatch and a fetish for—c'mon, I ain't giving you any clues—disembodied eyes. (Well, at least he's discovered his artistic side, thanks to the psychological repercussions of the presumably painful and debilitating disfigurement. I mean, not just *anyone* would have the knack to make mobiles and paperweights out of such delicate objects.) How does he obtain his newfound art supplies? If you guessed "a spoon", you're right again! "I'm twisted," the down-on-his-luck thespian repeats incessantly to *anyone* who will listen; unfortunate for him, he's a bit of a sociopathic misanthrope, so there's a nary a shoulder around for him to cry on. Until he meets *her*, that is. (What does she see in him, anyway? Oh, I

Despite the charming contrivances, **Il Était une Fois... le Diable** is just one more reason why French cinema rarely ventures or strays into splatter territory. (You'd think being so damn close to Italy they would have a clue.)

Mike 22Z...

What starts out as a dumb slasher flick does a 180° part way through, improving its odds slightly as a drama. But, just when you think you've got it pegged, it becomes a monster movie involving a mummy and a ghost ship. (The special effects leave much to be desired, especially with such scenes as an obvious toy ship rising from the ground.)

I'm tempted to say that the director had something profound in mind with the numerous (and pointless) scenes involving a black cat and a black stallion, but I think it's safer to assume it's padding. (One such scene shows an old man spending an entire night in a field, aimlessly shooting at the horse; not only does he never reload, he never hits the target.)

Devil Story might not make any sense, but at least it's fun to watch.

forgot... those artsy fartsy types are habes magnets of the highest caliber. Yessiree indeedy...)

Although mired in melodrama, there's something for every trash fiend. (Although I was a little surprised that, as sleazy as it was, no nudity abounds. Odd.) Gore is plentiful, and there is some very inventive photography. (Bloody eye-cam, rocking chair-cam, nausea-cam, et al.) And if the stripped down production values aren't enough to make you clamp yer' nose shut, the stilted scripting, canned music, and jarring editing should do the trick.

This flick is so 70s, you can't help but love it.

Mike 22Z...

If you have a fetish for seeing eyes torn from their sockets and fashioned into art objects in every conceivable way, then this movie is definitely for you. (Except for the bloody eyes, there isn't much gore; most of the killing is offscreen, but the blood does flow, albeit rather thick.)

The high point is the killer, who carries around his favorite, eye-gouging spoon in a homemade sheath. When anyone asks what is wrong with him, he insists he's "twisted", but he's not so far gone that he doesn't take the time to apologize to the women he's killed even as he steals their eyes. (*I told you chivalry ain't dead.* The Editor.)

Okay, so **The Headless Eyes** suffers from a recycled soundtrack. And some ham acting (the lead actor being the only one weird enough to pull it off.) Even so, I highly recommend it.

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The House That Vanished (1973)

Blackwater Films [UK]

DIR: José Ramón Larraz

PRO: Diana Daubeny

SCR: Derek Ford

DOP: Trevor Wrenn

ART: John Hoesli

AST: Gordon Gilbert and Terence Hodgkinson

STR: Andrea Allan, Richard Aylen, Peter Forbes-Robertson, Lawrence Keane, Karl Lanchbury, Daphne Lea, Alex Leppard, Joshua Leppard, Judy Matheson, Barbara Meale, Edmund Pegge, Maggie Walker, Annabella Wood, and Raymond Young

AKA: Don't Go In the Bedroom

Psycho Sex Fiend

Scream... and Die!

Approximately 99m; Color

VID: The House That Vanished

[Media Home Entertainment; 84(98)m]

The House That Vanished [Video Treasures; 98m]

Scream... and Die! [Replay Video(PAL); 99m]

ADL: It's only a movie! It's only a movie!

It's only a movie!

(Hey, that sounds awfully familiar. The Editor.)

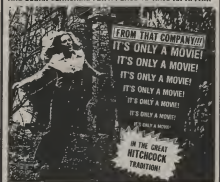
A couple of kids robbing an old house (it wasn't an affair they were looking for) find themselves in a sticky situation when it turns out they've stumbled upon the isolated home of a psychopathic killer with a few sexual hang-ups. The woman escapes, but not before the killer discovers her identity and finds out where she lives; nobody believes her story, though, because she can't seem to track down the house where her boyfriend was killed. Obviously, things are in the killer's favor.

Larraz, that wacky Spaniard behind such touching films as *Vampyres*, *Daughters of Dracula* (1974) and *Los Ritos Sex-uales del Diablo* [The Sexual Rites of the Devil] (1981) cooks up an early entry in the first wave of giallo-inspired slasher films (most of which are heads and tails above anything made after *Halloween* and *Friday the 13th*). In spite of the surprisingly long running time, there isn't much in the way of talking, and much more atmosphere than action (which, admittedly, does tend to bog things down at times). Regardless, *The House That Vanished* is fairly unpredictable, even twenty-five years after-the-fact. Had it adhered to the formulaic conventions of later fare, though, it probably wouldn't have been worth the effort.

Production values are pretty standard for 70s low-budget fare. (The soundtrack does deserve some additional

IS IT TOO SOON TO TALK ABOUT '72...

THAT TIME PAUL AND VALERIE FELL IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT AND BEGAN SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO HAVE AN AFFAIR



—AND They kept searching until they found...

"THE HOUSE THAT VANISHED"

Individually and Collectively Available
Directed by José Ramón Larraz. A Film Rights Production
An American International Pictures Release

Color R

note as it includes some really intense "industrial"-style sounds which accentuate the unease.) As far as gore is concerned, the initial murder is particularly brutal, but—alas—the other deaths don't live up to one's expectations after this ace is dealt. (Luckily, he upped the gore quotient with the aforementioned *Vampyres*.)

Worth a look.

Mike 22...

The House That Vanished is a moody, sometimes spooky whodunit that doesn't stray from the sleazy excesses of the 70s. (The sparse nudity can be considered gratuitous if only because the cameraman quickly zooms in none too subtly when the lead actress drops her top.) The acting is fairly competent, and several of the shocks almost work despite the fact they've been done to death since in lesser fare.

Worthwhile, even though I was able to figure out "whodunit" early on.

Lucker the Necrophagous (1986)

Desert Productions [Belgium]

DIR: Johan Vandewoestijne

SCR: John Kupferschmidt and Johan Vandewoestijne

EXP: Johan Vandewoestijne

EFX: Flip Beys

EFX: Flip Beys [Make-Up]

Lucker: the Necrophagous continued

MUS: François Lamoral, William Powell, and Patric Xosmos

STR: Heidi Calewaert, Tony Castillo, Marie Paule Claes, Eddy Cosaert, Veerle Dendooven, John Edwards, Francis Impe, Let Jodts, Nico Karadjiam, Joachim Kesteloot, Freek Neirymck, Werner Onré, Martine Scherre, Frans Schwepens, Frank van Laecke, Carry van Middel, Nick van Suyt, and Helga Vandeveld

Approximately 84m; Color

John Lucker is a simple killer with simple needs. Having just escaped from a sanitarium (where he was incarcerated for murdering eight young women), he decides to make up for lost time by going on a little binge, erstwhile "cleaning his pipes". It seems his "simple" needs involve rape and murder, but not quite in that order. (Those ass-backwards necrophiles... God bless 'em.) He's also a cannibal, as the title eludes to, but that's secondary. (The terms "necrophile" or "anthropophagous" would have shed more light on his predilections, though.)

Yes, this flick can get pretty repulsive, predated Nekromantik by a year in its graphic depiction of "that unspeakable sex act". Unfortunately, this film is simply brash, with little or no style to compliment the disturbing goings-on. (The only stylistic touch easily recalled is the use of the "rocking chair-cam"; the cinematographer must've seen *The Headless Eyes* the night before filming.) Although indisputably gory, most of the blood spilled is the gallons spit

up by the victims, who have a penchant for doing so regardless of how they die.

Well, there's not much else to report as not much really happens between the scenes of carnage. No real character development. No dialogue. No exposition. Nothing. Lots and lots of nothing. (Even watching a time-compressed, 71 minute version seemed tedious and dull.)

Borrow it from someone suckered into buying one of the various fifteen to twenty dollar boots; you'll be happy that you didn't shell out your own hard-earned cash for it. (Sorry, Devon. Better you than me, though.) ☹☹☹

Mike 22...

I can't seriously recommend this even though it's a necrophile film. It's not nearly as indepth or stylish as *Nekromantik 1* or *2*. And—almost as important—it's not nearly as vile as *Aftermath*. It does have some well executed gore, though (except for the ultra-fake headbashing scenes) and some neat camerawork. (Ah... the rocking chair-cam. Cutting-edge technology at its best.) There is also some wonderful comedy; for example, when Lucker has two women tied up and he tells them to stop screaming or he'll kill them. And then—this is the funny part—one of the women shouts "No! Please... not!" so, of course, Lucker kills her for screaming. (Wait a minute... *should* I have found that amusing?)

Not a great movie by anyone's standards, but it should help raise the temperature on those cold nights when an even colder love interest is at hand.

Mantis in Lace (1968)

Box Office International [US]

DIR: William Rotsler

PRO: Sanford White

SCR: William Rotsler and Sanford White

DOP: Laszlo Kovacs

EXP: Harry Novak

EFX: Edward de Priest [Visual]

MUS: Vic Lance

STR: Lyn Armondo, Pat Barrington, Bethel Buckalew, John Carrol, Judith Crane, M.K. Evans, Norton Halper, John La Salle, Stuart Lancaster, Vic Lance, Hinton Pope, Susan Stewart, Cheryl Trepton, Steve Vincent, and Janu White

AKA: *Lila* (66m)*

La Mantide [The Mantis]

Approximately 73m; Color

VID: *Lila* [Best Film & Video; 66m]

Mantis in Lace [Something Weird Video; 72m]

ADL: *SHE LOVED THEM... and loved them...*
and loved them... TO DEATH!

* *Lila* is an alternate 66m version of *Mantis in Lace* which purportedly includes more sex and less violence. Having, only

seen the latter, I cannot say how much footage each shares, although *Something Weird's* print includes remnants of a strange wraparound sequence which was obviously not included with the original release of *Mantis in Lace*.

Mantis in Lace is a wonderful dollop of 60s sexploitation trash about a go-go dancer who discovers the joys of acid while bedding her patrons. While under the influence, though, she tends to get a little too worked up, letting off a little coital steam by using a rather nasty-looking screwdriver on her lovers' more vulnerable parts. (When that doesn't suffice, a handy meat-cleaver or sledgehammer seem to do the trick.) You see—now, I'm not making this up—their heads turn into cantaloupes and/or bunches of bananas, and she's made it clear all along that she really dislikes "squishy things." (Apparently, she suffered numerous food-oriented traumas as a young child. During the course of her slapdance wig-outs, she hears a disembodied voice insisting "Do as I say... eat your vegetables." Unnerving, to say the least.)

Despite the audacious catalyst detailed above, there is—cheesy LSD effects aside—some intense imagery, all pulled together by some inspired and resourceful editing. (Of course, gallons of blood thrown in from offscreen does not hurt

Mantis in Lace continued.

either.) Unfortunately, an awful script is made worse by sub-standard deliveries. (Such epithets being reserved mostly for our talentless anti-heroine. But, with a script that hinges on such dialogue as "This is where it's at, baby," and accentuated by countless "groovy's, you sometimes forget just how inept she is.) Even more grating than her presence, though, is the presence of the oft-heard theme song which—ironically enough—mentions in passing both of the titles this flick was released under (*Lila* and *Mantis in Lace*, respectively). Toss in a senseless piñata death (what... no candy?) and the aforementioned cheesy LSD effects (supplied by good old Ed de Priest—boy, he's sure been getting around these pages this issue), and you have what is undoubtedly a, well, *groovy* example of what makes exploitation films so gosh darn endearing.

Mantis in Lace is easily one of the best anti-drug flicks of the 60s, rivaled only by the non-genre oriented *Alice in Acidland* (1968). (Now who could possibly forget *that* little slice of exploitation Americana?)

Mike 22...

This LSD-inspired flick is nothing more than a bad trip. The few inspired moments it does have are not worth the price of admission.

I don't normally advocate drug use, but I suggest you skip the movie altogether and drop acid instead; you'll probably enjoy yourself more if you do.

Maschera di Cera [Wax Mask] (1997)

France Film International [France]

and Cine 200/Mediaset [Italy]

DIR: Lucio Fulci and Sergio Stivaletti

PRO: Giuseppe Colombo

SCR: Lucio Fulci and Daniele Stroppa

DOP: Sergio Stivaletti

ART: Antonello Geleng

AST: Giuseppe Cerabino

EFX: Benoît Lestang [Make-Up]

EFX: Sergio Stivaletti [Visual]

MUS: Maurizio Abeni

STR: Daniele Auber, Umberto Balli, Omero Capunno, Gianni Franco, Gabriella Giorgelli, Robert Hossein, Romano Jannelli, Ricardo Serventi Longhi, Aldo Massasso, Romina Mondello, Antonello Murru, Rosa Pianeta, Sonia Topazio, Valery Valmond, and Massimo Vanni

Approximately 95m; Color

Paris, 1900, a cloaked figure slaughters a family of Italian immigrants, leaving behind a witness... a young girl. In a coincidence that movie scripts quite often facilitate, she finds

SHE LOVED THEM..

and loved them
and loved them
**TO
DEATH!**



herself—twelve years later—applying for the job of a costume designer for a bent artist and his Grand Guignol-inspired wax museum. There's no mystery as to who the killer is, only as to his motive (and even this is as uninspired as the giallo trappings).

Apparently, goremeister Fulci died having only filmed a small amount of footage for this film (precisely what he was responsible for, I do not know), his first and—as far as I know—only collaboration with Italian's premiere splatterpunk Dario Argento. Needless to say, *Maschera di Cera* literally oozes with style, sporting some gorgeous period photography and lavish sets that were noticeable even through the grain of the third generation bootleg I managed to get my hands on. Unfortunately, this is the film's only saving grace. The slick as shit production values can't salvage what is, inevitably, a truly lousy script. What promises early on to be a commendable retelling of the wax museum-based horror flicks of the fifties and sixties is soon bogged down by awkward contrivances that could only be conceived in these desperate times. (The hokeyooky procedures used to turn people into living mannequins—the secrets of which were probably taken to the grave by the late Lucio Fulci—are silly enough, but the introduction of

Maschera di Cera... continued

Terminator-inspired trappings completely destroyed any love for this movie I might've had.)

If you want to check it out, don't let it play past the first hour or you'll be begging for a refund.

Mike 2EZ...

Maschera di Cera is an impressively filmed horror flick which boasts beautiful sets, a dark, foreboding atmosphere, and camerawork filled with pans and sweeps that capture the best of Italian cinema. There's also some gore which, at times, is particularly gruesome and effective. The poor dubbing and continuity problems would have been excusable if these were its only shortcomings.

Like so many other films, *Maschera di Cera* starts out promising. But, by halfway through, the problems begin

and just seem to get worse until the film reaches its shitty conclusion. (I had to double check the box to make sure I wasn't watching *Terminator 3*.)

Maybe someone can help me out with the film's train of logic: after completely draining the blood from one woman (who is to be made into a "wax" statue), the still-moving girl is then embalmed and has her real eyes affixed with glass ones. She becomes, and remains inanimate until she is drained of fluid, whereupon she regains the use of her eyes. Okay... bow about this one: since when did cotton candy float on water? (*Since it was made out of real cotton.* The Editor.)

There's also some Frankenstein-style pyrotechnics, and some cheesy CGI morphing effects to make matters even worse.

Rent if you want to see both how good a movie can be, and how bad it can get.

Meat (1997)

Real Fine Films [USA]

DIR: Jason Hernandez-Rosenblatt

PRO: Matthew Spain

SCR: Jason Hernandez-Rosenblatt

DOP: Matthew Spain

ART: Louise Spain

EFX: Mike Hagen [Make-Up]

MUS: Jeff Federman and Graig Kennedy

STR: Patricia Armstrong, Mariel Bayer, Tim Brennan, Ross d'Allesandro, Kevin Dooley, Chris Eades, Daniel Federman, Rebecca Federman, Alison Fleminger, Leah Foster, Juliet Gaines, Michael Hagen, Matthew Hakes, Zinnia Hernandez, Radley Horton, Emily Kadin, Chuck Kim, Sasha Lehman, Charles Lieberman, Lisa Mackie, James McGeeveran, Alisande Morales, Moses Morrow, Renee Oakford, Chris Pecker, Harvey Peralta, Kathryn Perks, Frank Pittarese, Sid Sanchez, David Shah, Daisy Simmons, Robyn Smith, Jessica Spain, Louise Spain, Vito Tomlartide, Janelle Welch, Meg Wolf-Shapiro, and Sean Zalla

Approximately 17m; Color

This highly amusing short film documents the pitfalls of living with a precariously dysfunctional family of inner-city cannibals. Apart from that, I don't want to say too much else—

in fear of ruining whatever enjoyment you may get out of it—but I must say it's worth checking out if you can catch it on cable TV. (As far as I know, it hasn't been released on video, unless it made it onto a compilation with other short works or the like.)

I probably would have enjoyed it more had it not been so derivative; whether conscious or not, *Meat* bears an uncanny resemblance to DC's one-shot comic *The Eaters* (released under their Vertigo imprint), published in 1996 and created by Peter Milligan. Furthermore, it can be argued that both were quite possibly inspired by Boh Balaban's wonderful 1989 outing *Parents*. (Although in that film the protagonist is an unwitting boy who, initially, has no clue that his parents are feeding him "longpig".)

I've heard it tastes just like chicken. Can any of our readers out there verify this rumor? Just curious.

Mike 2EZ...

Religion, cannibalism, incest, gore... of course it's a comedy. And to top it all off, it comes with an important message about the virtues of eating your vegetables.

Although not as good as *Cannibal! The Musical*, it still ranks up there with the best, and is my pick o'the month. (I'd really like to see what the director could do with a full length feature.)

Midnight Intruders (1970's)

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Gary Graver

PRO: Edward de Priest

SCR: Gary Graver

DOP: Gary Graver

EXP: David Arthur

MUS: Ronald Burton

STR: Adrian Anderson, Alexander Chapuies, Richard Connors, Francoise Darc, Tom Hart, Barbara Keene, Alain Mayniel, Jon Savage, and Lyllah Michael Torenna

Approximately 59m; Color

VID: *Midnight Intruder* [Even Steven Productions; 59m]

ADL: *You could be next!!*

Midnight Intruder continued

Midnight Intruder (if that is its real name) opens with an excruciatingly long love scene (at least five minutes worth if my VCR serves correctly) interspersed with footage of an airplane taking off. A bathroom door is then shown being shut repeatedly. (Is this art?) The man then has his wife drive him to the airport, spending the entire drive chastising her for not ironing his suit. Thinking he'll be tied up with his business trip for the next few days, she gets back at him by inviting a "friend" over for an all-nighter. Somehow, the husband reaches his destination, wraps up his work, and makes it back home *the selfsame night*, only to find his wife bumping uglies with the aforementioned stud. He takes the crime of passion bit a little too seriously and bludgeons the man to death, then turns on his unfaithful wife; of course, she is forced to dispatch him with a kitchen knife, giving her twice the mess to clean up. If it isn't just her luck when two cat burglars (one with really big hair. No, I mean *really* big hair) pick her apartment to strip *that selfsame night*, having barely given her enough time to mop up the kitchen tile. (Boy... the coincidences just keep piling up, don't they?) Then—don't stop me now—they decide to take advantage of the defenseless adulteress, staging a threesome after giving her a much-needed fix. (Aren't they there to steal things so as to make money to support their own drug habits, not waste it on someone they'll probably kill anyway?) And then, well, I've pretty much ruined it for you, except for the part where it turns out that her fling "is feeling better now" and saves the day. Yah, now *that's* everything.

Don't worry, you wouldn't have enjoyed it at all unless you like films really bad—no, I mean *really* bad—and even then you'd have to see it to believe it. There is nothing

not inept about this film. Production values. Continuity. You name it. This utterly pointless exercise is almost akin to the stag loops of the 70s, except the sex is dry and there is—unfortunately—a story. If you do decide to rent this sucker, be warned: a large dose of Dramamine is necessary to make it through the film without a migraine. (The cameraman must've got into whatever the director—nay, the whole crew—was smoking during the conception of this maladjusted excursion.) It's almost hard to believe filmmakers Graver and de Priest actually went on to do more "professional" work. (Exploitation and porn films, respectively.)

Midnight Intruder is, well, a really bad film. No, I mean a *really* bad film. (Don't take the adline lightly. You *could* be next.)

Mike 22...

What a laughable joke of a movie. Bad acting and even worse post-synched dubbing abounds. (I just love bearing people ramble on while they're in the middle of French kissing. Maybe they're all ventriloquists.) If it wasn't for the padded nudity and softcore sex, there would be nothing holding the threadbare script together. There is oo gore, except for couple of teaspoons of fake blood, so why this was promoted as a slasher film I'll never know.

The film did manage to get funnier once the poofy-haired evil lady showed up. (Not better, just funnier.) Shortly after that, we are treated to the best foot chase ever filmed, and **Midnight Intruders** does have a particularly nihilistic ending, but neither of these save this pathetic excuse of a film.

The only thing **Midnight Intruders** managed to intrude upon was my precious time.

Los Ojos Azules de la Muneca Rota [The Blue Eyes of the Broken Doll] (1973)

Profiles [Spain]

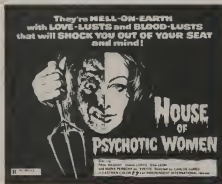
DIR: Carlos Aured Alonso
 PRO: José Antonio Pérez Giner
 SCR: Carlos Aured Alonso and Jacinto Molina Alvarez
 DOP: Francisco Sánchez
 EXP: José Antonio Pérez Giner
 ART: Modesto Perez Redondo
 MUS: Juan Carlos Calderón
 STR: Jacinto Molina Alvarez, Pilar Bardem, Eduardo Calvo, Luis Ciges, Eva León, Diana Lorys, Inés Morales, Maria Perschy, Antonio Pica, and Antonio Ramis
 AKA: **House of Doom**
House of Psychotic Women
 Approximately 84m; Color
 VID: **House of Psychotic Women**
 [Super Video; 91(84)m]
House of Psychotic Women [VidAmerica; 84m]

Warning: Contains scene/s of animal cruelty.

Hitchhiker Paul Naschy (born Jacinto Molina Alvarez) is picked up by a woman who wastes no time in offering him a job as a caretaker at an estate owned by her and her sisters. The three women all suffer from debilitating traits: one is scarred and missing half of her hand, another is bound to a wheelchair, and the third is, well, just plain horny. Oh, I almost forget... they're all apparently nutters as well. (Hence the schlocky American retitle.) Our barrel-chested anti-hero makes his move on the lot of them; unfortunately for them, Naschy is an ex-con, just recently released for the murder of his wife. To make matters even stickier, he's still (occasionally) stricken by the compulsion to strangle the snout out of young women, making him the prime suspect in the eyes of the locals and the authorities when a string of murders occur. (All of them are young women, of course, but the difference in modus operandi—all of their eyes have been neatly removed by the killer—doesn't seem to sway anyone from believing it's our man Naschy.) Oh, the angst.

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Ojos Azules de la Muneca Rota continued



Ojos Azules de la Muneca Rota is typical Spanish fare, with an emphasis on sleaze and slack production values. Unfortunately, this giallo-style thriller is slow, offering little in

the way of mystery, action, or gore until the last reel. What grue there is is enough to pass muster, but the scenes are far and few between, with the appropriated eyes shown only after the fact. (Yes, they're all blue, justifying the really nifty Spanish title.)

Despite what you make think of Naschy's acting ability (or lack thereof), one must grant him that he is always willing to take chances. (And I don't mean every time he opens his mouth, either.) Even though he is the star of this film, he doesn't hesitate in killing himself off well before the finale in order to make the script work. (Oops, that wasn't something I was supposed to divulge, was it?)

Avoid the American releases of this flick as they all are missing footage vital in making this the sleazy gem it is.

Mike 22...

Los Azules Ojos de la Muneca Rota is a damn good (and fairly gory) murder mystery that boasts enough plot twists and surprises to catch even diehard fans like myself off guard. Highly recommended, despite some very unnecessary slaughterhouse footage. (Unfortunately, I have a hard time finding much to say about films which I truly like.)

Pigs (1972)

Saffia S.A. [USA]

DIR: Marc Lawrence

PRO: Marc Lawrence

SCR: F.A. Foss

DOP: Glenn R. Roland, Jr.

EXP: Donald L. Reynolds

EFX: Bruce Adams

MUS: Charles Bernstein

STR: Bone Adams, Jim Antonio, Walter Barnes, Paul Hickey, Erik Holland, Larry Hussmann, Iris Korn, Marc Lawrence, Toni Lawrence, William Michael, Katherine Ross, Don Skylar, and Jesse Vint

AKA: Daddy's Deadly Darling
Love Exorcist

Approximately 85m; Color

VID: Daddy's Deadly Darling

[Paragon Video Productions; 85m]

Pigs [VEC; 90(85)m]

A young woman stabs her father to death after he rapes her, and is committed to the Camarillo State Hospital. (Much to her chagrin, shock treatment seems to be their specialty.) It doesn't take long for her to break out, but her luck turns even worse when she perchances upon a despondent, angst-ridden cannibal (!) who feeds the leftovers to his hogs (double !). Of course, the livestock have garnered a hankerin' for the taste of long pig as well, but our heroine seems oblivious to it all. She's too busy thinking daddy's still with the living, going so far as to even phone home on a

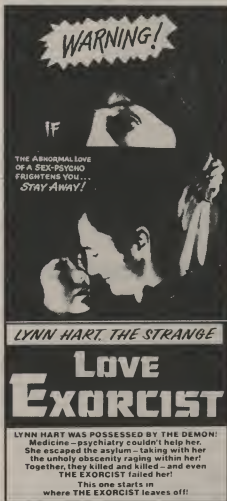
regular basis to chit-chat with the old man. The local sheriff ("Dead people just don't have any civil rights at all," he announces at one point.) looks into a series of grave robberies, but comes up empty-handed. Before too long, though, he's done got his suspicions about the old man, and well...

Even with the below-par script, some of the resulting melodrama is actually quite engaging. Of course, if you were one of the many people who only saw this flick on Elvira's TV show, this was all you were left with. True, some of the bloodletting is offscreen, but you still get an awful lot of strait-razor slashing, as well as a nasty castration. (The finale—involving the bugfucked farmer getting drawn and quartered—more than makes up for any shortages of mayhem the rest of the film may hold.)

Pigs is a lurid little flick that surpasses its numerous lame and/or misleading monikers. (And, yes, it's the selfsame Jesse Vint from TV's The Dukes of Hazzard making an appearance, if you cared to know. At least he had Pigs to his credit.)

Mike 22...

First off, I think the title refers to most of the men in the movie as opposed to the animal of the same name. (A socially conscious horror film. Wow.) Although fun throughout, the best scene in the film is where Zambini, the pig owner (who I'd say is a great actor if I actually thought he was acting) apologizes to a corpse for having to feed him to his pet pigs, then proceeds to recount the story



Wait a gosh darn minute here... do you think by perchance that the distributors had the bright idea to cash in on the success of *The Exorcist* (coily mentioned in the above ad several times) when they re-released this film *God-knows-how-many-years* later as *Love Exorcist*? Talk about tenuous comparisons and misleading promotion. (A stone's throw from false advertising, if that.) *The Editor.*

Pigs continued

Mike (2+11) 22Z...

of how the pigs first acquired a taste for human flesh.

There's also a wonderfully gruesome nightmare sequence, as well as some effective murder scenes that utilizes weird close-ups. (I don't think "Bizarro-Vision" has been copyrighted, has it?)

Pigs is not very gory, but it's still a very disturbing film. I would recommend it, anyway. (Enough rambling... I'm off to the kitchen. I'm suddenly in the mood for a ham sandwich.)

Possessed! (1974)

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Charles Nizet

PRO: Charles Nizet

SCR: William Greer

DOP: Charles Nizet

EXP: Si de Bardas

STR: Pierre Agostini, Alvin Bart, Pepper Davis, Jim Dean, Dorothy Green, William Greer, Blackie Hunt, Lynn Marta, Deedy Peters, Tony Reese, and Barbara Thorsen

Approximately 80m; Color

VID: The Possessed! [Video Gems; 84(80)m]

A string of murders are committed, oh, about a half of a mile from Blackwood Sanitarium. (It's "not a lunatic asylum," the director insists when grilled by police, "but a rest home for emotionally disturbed people." Whatever.) Luckily, the doctor has a hunchback servant to help him dispose of patients who were unlucky enough to be given the status of "guinea pig"; the drooling half-wit tosses the remains in a cave below the mansion, the selfsame place where the doctor's own loopy sister visits the "evil" responsible for the deaths outside the sanitarium's grounds. According to our resident medical deviate (educating the viewer through droning monologues), evil is a tangible substance which he has succeeded in isolating from his unwilling patients. Instead of destroying it, though, he "locks" it up in the aforementioned cave. As can be expected, it makes an occasional jaunt outside to wreak havoc. Even evil needs a social life.

Besides just being a generally sleazy 70s flick, *The Possessed!* (Can't forget that exclamation mark!) has a lot going for it. Watching people getting slapped silly by a not-so-Lovecraftian Danwich Horror-style critter is fun (as is the after effects, i.e. buckets of red paint being splashed across very unconvincing actors). It's also worth it to hear the doctor's diary excerpts in which he professes to getting a little "hot under the collar" while watching a man—another unlucky resident—being decapitated. Oh, and did I mention the corpse which has a gummy worm being pulled out of its eye socket by a hidden wire?

'Possessed' continued...

Steady horror fare which—unlike 80's fare—actually has a few surprises up its sleeve. (And I don't know about you, but I can't get enough "I"-style titles.)

Mike 22...

Unfortunately, I've probably seen this film a hundred times under just as many titles, but I'll do my best to give an unbiased review.

Filled with ham acting and bottom-of-the-barrel special effects (a monster made up of red mop strings, and a corpse which is nothing more than a dummy with gummy worms stuffed in its eye sockets, are but two impressive ex-

amples), this 70's horror film is definitely worthwhile for revelers of the genre (although I think I liked it much better the first 99 times I was forced to sit through it). Most of the gore is after the fact, but it's well done nonetheless and fun to watch. There is some intentional humor, but the jokes are stale. (I doubt they were funny then let alone now.)

Although *The Possessed* possesses little or anything in the way of shocks, some suspense is created by having the resident doctor go completely over the edge during the course of the film. (He becomes my hero at about the point he starts quoting bible scriptures while doing mean and nasty things to his prisoners.)

If only I could remember all of the other titles I saw this film under...

Les Prédateurs de la Nuit (The Predators of the Night) (1988)

René Château Productions [France]

DIR: Jesús Franco Manera

PRO: René Château

SCR: René Château and Jesús Franco Manera

DOP: Maurice Fellous

ART: Yann Arlaud

EPF: Jacques Gastineau [Make-Up]

MUS: Romano Musumara

[7" Soundtrack available from Ariola]

STR: Stéphane Audran, Tony Awak, Daniel Beretta, Amélie Chevalier, Mory d'Almen, Anton Diffring, Daniel Grimm, Florence Guérin, Christiane Jean, Christopher Mitchum, Caroline Munro, Marcel Philipot, Henri Poirier, Lina Romay, Laure Sabardin, Telly Savalas, Tilda Thamar, Doris Thomas, Brigitte van Meerhaeghe, Howard Vernon, and Gérard Zalcberg

AKA: *Los Depredadores de la Noche*

[*The Predators of the Night*]

Faceless

I Predatori della Notte [*The Predators of the Night*]

I Violentatori della Notte

[*The Predators of the Night*]

Approximately 97m; Color

VID: Faceless [Lumina Film (PAL);

97m; English w/Danish subtitles]

Les Prédateurs de la Nuit

[René Château Video (PAL); 97m]

ADL: *If there is but one life,*

there are several ways to end it...!

Let me say, first and foremost, that this is a Jesse Franco film, but... hey! Wait a minute. Where's everyone going? Let me finish, all right?

A plastic surgeon's sister is disfigured (By acid. Natch.) by the recipient of a bum face tuck. The doctor's wife

(Rollin regular Brigitte Lahaie née van Meerhaeghe) then assists him in a series of very illegal operations involving very unwilling donors in an effort to fix sis' ugly puss aka *Les Yeux sans Visage* [*The Eyes without a Face*] (1959). (Just what every horror fan lives for... another mad doctor who takes the term "face lift" just a little too seriously.) Also present to lend a hand is the sadistic henchman (who, with his shaved eyebrows, reminds one of Borowczyk's twisted take on Mr. Hyde from *Dr. Jekyll et les Femmes*). No one—viewer included—is much surprised to find out that the surgeon is an ex-Nazi doctor, and thus really doesn't need much provocation in making a mess out of everyone's faces.

Easily being the slickest Franco production I've seen to date, there are still a few tell-tale signs as to the man responsible for this splatterfest. (Surprisingly, Franco's penchant for zooms is not only kept in check, but completely discarded in favor of more professional-looking camerawork.) Franco regular Howard Vernon has a small part as—who else?—the infamous Dr. Orloff (a fictional character who, for people unfamiliar with Franco's work, has been written into nearly every one of that wacky Spaniard's horror films. Even Franco has portrayed him in a few of these no-budget wonders. Just forget the fact that the character has been killed off almost as many times...)

Unfortunately, the sometimes over the top gore effects aren't nearly as impressive as the rest of the production values, but then again, Franco has never fared well with effects-laden scenes, regardless of the budget. (He's obviously rather be stuffing his zoom lens into some poor woman's crotch. Go figure.)

Now if only we could eliminate that damn disco theme song from the score, one wouldn't have to use their mute button so much. (I tallied it up to having been used no less than six times during the film; anyone who might've otherwise rushed out and bought it on 45 was probably sick to death of it by the time the end credits rolled.)

Les Predateurs de la Nuit continued

Mike 222...

This is easily one of the best Franco films I've seen. (Surprisingly, there is very little nudity, but that's okay 'cause the gore, in this case, pretty much makes the movie.

My biggest gripe about Faceless is the lead detective; there is nothing more grating than a private dick

for whom everything works out no matter how many stupid moves he makes or how much of an idiot he is. (i.e. The Columbo Syndrome.) My only wish was to see this bastard die and—yes!—my dream came true. All of the good guys get snuffed except Telly Savalas (which left it open for the bad guys to still get caught, but I guess you can't have it all).

With great lines like "Call me 24 hours a day, day or night," you know it's going to be worth sitting through.

La Revanche des Morts Vivantes [The Revenge of the Living Dead] (1988)

Samourai Films [France]

DIR: Peter B. Hanson

SCR: Philip Berger and John King

DOP: Henry Froger

MUS: Christopher Ried

STR: Veronik Catanzaro, Kathryn Charly, Patrick Guillemain, Laurence Mercier, Sylvie Novak, Gabor Rassov, Christina Schmidt, Cornelia Wilms, and Anthea Wyler

Approximately 82m; Color

Further credits are currently unavailable at press time.

A truck driver picks up a horny hitchhiker and—while the two are “waylaid”—somebody dumps some nasty pesticide into the tank of milk he’s carrying on the back of his rig. Shortly thereafter, a young woman falls over dead after eating a bowl of cereal. Two more deaths quickly follow suit. The vindictive wife of the corporation’s boss is behind the foul play, which unwittingly leads to, well, the dead girls coming back to life and going after anything that walks on two legs. If things aren’t bad enough for everyone involved, it seems the pesticide also has a fairly unpleasant side effect on anyone even coming in contact with it.

What quickly builds itself up to be typical zombie fare actually turns out to be something entirely different. Not only are there numerous twists and turns, but the twist ending is sure to please the skeptic in all of us.

As for what really matters, a lot of work was put into the effects; unfortunately, the make-up on our undead residents is rather cheesy (justified as it may be). The bloodshed itself is a little better, with some surprisingly gruesome scenes. (For example, I think this is the first—maybe *only*—zombie film where someone gets their penis bitten off by a zombie. Really.) At one point, the cavorting cadavers take time to get nekki for a lesbian gang rape. (At least the rest of their bodies aren’t decomposed like their heads and hands, otherwise it

would be *really* icky.) Oh, and did I mention the sword rape? Maybe it’s best that I don’t.

Probably even morose than the gore, sex is plentiful, with more gratuitous nudity than one would expect. (Well, it is a French film, after all.) Fans of Euro-sleaze shant be disappointed by the overall seediness of the film, and will probably relish its dated 70s feel.

I have come across several sources which erroneously cite this film as a retitling of Jean Rollin’s *Les Raisins de la Mort* [The Grapes of the Dead] (1978), which—come to find out the hard way—it most definitely isn’t. (To be honest, I had originally written this review while under the impression that it was said film, and had even collated technical information from both productions. Luckily, editor Devon Bertsch—whom I had borrowed this film from in the first place—came to my rescue, tracking down some written proof that they were indeed unrelated.

All in all, *La Revanche des Morts Vivantes* is worth checking out if you perchance upon a copy. (Plunking down \$20 for a bootleg is your only other option as I doubt it will be released here any time soon; sword rape or no sword rape, the MPAA would have a field day with this sick little puppy.) 🍌🍌🍌

Mike 222...

The biggest problem I found with this film (actually the print of it I saw) was the awful post-synch dubbing. Not only was it horrendously done, there are times you can hear the original language underneath as the English dubbing fades in and out.

Aside from that distraction, the all-girl zombie trio looks cool, and the gore is passable, but the filmmakers rely a little too much on the sex and nudity as it often comes across as nothing more than one long shower scene. (A zombie lesbian rape scene, and an even more disturbing birth scene makes it all worth sitting through, though.)

Screamtime (1983)

Salon Productions [United Kingdom/US]

DIR: Michael Armstrong and Stanley Long

PRO: Michael Armstrong and Stanley Long

SCR: Michael Armstrong

DOP: Don Lord, Alan Padney, and Mike Spera

ART: Adrienne Atkinson, Martin Atkinson, and Brian Savegar

AST: Tony Dyer, Rex Piano, and Paul Tivers

Screamtime *continued*

EFF: Nick Maley [Make-Up]
 STR: Jean Anderson, Robin Bailey, Phillip Bloomfield, Lally Bowers, Dora Bryan, Veronica Doran, Michael Gordon, Boscoe Hogan, Dione Inman, Brenda Kemner, Gary Linley, Ann Lynn, Jonathan Morris, Yvonne Nicholson, Matthew Peters, Vincent Russo, Ian Saynor, Marie Scinto, Kevin Smith, John Styles, Kim Thompson, and David van Day

Approximately 89m; Color

VID: Screamtime [Lightning Video; 89m]
 Screamtime [Medusa Video (PAL); 89m]
 Screamtime [Vestron Video; 89m]

ADL: *Don't believe the rumours about all the dead bodies... they're the people who fainted watching!*

Screamtime opens with a couple of goons ripping off a video store. (Why, I don't know, but at least they had the decency to steal some old big-boxed horror films. That's the first thing I always... I mean, would go for.) Cuts to an obligatory shower scene. Cuts to a vignette about an old Punch and Judy-style puppeteer and his dysfunctional family. Punch comes to life and beats the various family members to death,

one by one. Once he's out of kin, friends and acquaintances are next in line to be dispatched. The puppet-controlled, of course, by his demented creator—is, finally done in by his son's remorseful girlfriend.

Cuts to another vignette, this one involving a snotty couple who move into a new house that's apparently haunted. (Bloodstains come and go, as does a pesky little kid on his bike in the backyard.)

Once this segment has worn out its welcome (which is sad because it's probably the most effective piece of the lot), we cut to the third vignette which deals with a young handyman who is hired by two rich old women. Their eccentricity lies in the fact that they believe in fairies. And gnomes. He discovers their stash, but fails to rob them blind when the aforementioned little people decide to teach him what for. Throw in some mummies, and the most ridiculous psychokinetic tomfoolery to date (even though they ripped off a scene from *Carrie* (1976), frame by frame), and you *still* have an extremely forgettable horror film.

Screamtime does get quite bloody at times (particular during the second installment), but everything else about this generic independent anthology makes it hard to recommend.

The Seeds of Evil (1974)

KKI Films Inc. [Puerto Rico/USA]
 DIR: Jim Kay
 PRO: Tony Belletier
 SCR: Jim Kay
 DOP: Michael Zingale
 EXP: Chalmers Kirkbride
 AST: Julian Ibanez
 MUS: Marc Fredericks
 STR: Teodorina Bello, Maggie Benson, Yeyita Cervoni, James Congdon, Joe Dallesandro, Baron de Beer, Katherine de Beer, Cass Fry, Rita Gam, Janet Gomez, Katharine Houghton, Hal Lasky, Estier Mari, Tanny McDonald, Anne Meacham, Roberto Negrón, Angel Rivera, Ivan Rodriguez, Orlando Rodriguez, Irma Torrez, Jorge Vasquez, Louis Vigoroux, and Robert Yoh

AKA: The Gardener
 Approximately 82m; Color
 VID: Seeds of Evil [Unicom Video; 82m]
 ADL: *Garden of love... garden of death, he plants the seeds of evil.*

A woman in a hospital is not-at-all happy to receive flowers from a concerned friend, and dies from the advanced stages of a malignant tumor to make her point. Due to her untimely death, her stud gardener (Dallesandro) has to look elsewhere for work, but is promptly hired by a rich couple. He immediately puts his green thumb to work, with his resulting handiwork being shown to their friends for a good third of the film's running time. (Yawn.) Having milked that for all it's

worth, the gardener then begins to work his devilish magic on the young wife.

The Seeds of Evil is, overall, pretty tepid horror fare. Despite being a theatrical production, it's droll, made-for-TV sensibilities—score, commercial-friendly fades, et al.—hinder it considerably. (This also accounts for its lack of gore and nudity; although there's not a lot of room for bloodshed—a poorly-aimed scythe being the only thing to draw any blood during the course of the film, the producers went overboard with the lack of flesh, even having one woman take a shower with a towel wrapped around her.)

As for the story, the viewer is lead to believe that it all somehow ties in with Greek mythology, but no explanation is ever given for the source of the gardener's powers—let alone if he's one of the aforementioned deities himself. (All of this, it seems, is secondary to having Warhol regular Dallesandro strut around shirtless, staring at flowers, and delivering his stilted dialogue with a deadpan Brooklyn accent.)

If you must track this one down, be warned that Unicom's print is nearly unwatchable at times. Beggars can't be choosers, especially when they reach such depths as these.

Mike 22...

Despite the fact that this is the first time I ever saw someone scared to death by a common houseplant in a film, *The Seeds of Evil* is a dumb flick from start to finish. A slow start leads into an even slower middle, with the whole thing culminating with a stupid ending. (During the "earth-shattering" finale, this made for TV-style flick *finally* kicks

The Seeds of Evil continued

Mike (2+1LL) 2EZ...

in with a little blood and gore—very little—but it is too little, too late.) Even the oddball plot the screenwriters cooked up

couldn't save *The Seeds of Evil* from being anything but a boring film.

Rent only as a surefire cure for insomnia.

**Shock! Shock! Shock! (1987)**

Production company unknown [USA]

DIR: Arm McConnell and Todd Rutt

PRO: Arm McConnell and Todd Rutt

SCR: Todd Rutt

DOP: Todd Rutt

MUS: The Cyphers and Bruce Gordon

STR: Timothy Allen, Cynthia Baker, Marilyn Barclay, David Blair, Bill Brunkhurst, Mike Chirichelli, Robert Fair, Michael Ferguson, Carole Fleishman, Brian Fuorri, Jim Gandolfini, Sonny Greenberg, Marie Grosse, Brad Isaac, Kathleen Laziza, Leonardo Laziza, William Laziza, Marcus Lieberman, Craven Lovelace, Sandra Mandelbaum, Judy Marriott, Kirk McConnell, Cyndy McCrossen, Ore O'Rourke, Allen Rickman, Mike Roberts, Kelly Ross, David Steinberg, Laurie Sullivan, Henry Williams, and Linda Wissmath

Approximately 53m; Black & White

VID: Shock! Shock! Shock! [Rhino Video; 60(53)m]

A man who saw his parents brutally murdered as a child escapes from an institution and picks up a girl running from a crime lord. She is in possession of a rather large diamond ("the mystic Star of Bartos") which she has somehow squeezed into a Rolex. The two are quickly apprehended; he is thrown into a river, left for dead, but is—conveniently enough—found by the young woman's father while out on his morning walk. From here on out, things start getting real bugfucked.

The criminals, you see, are actually aliens (called "Stigmations". Hmmm...) with super powers and skull caps a few sizes too big. Using the jewel, our unlikely hero becomes

"Spaceman", being given powers just in time to fight a stop-animated creature that is vaguely reminiscent of the Abominable Snowman from the Rudolph claymation specials. Oh, did I mention that this one also qualifies as a splatter film? As you can see, though, this ain't no ordinary blood 'n guts flick we've done stepped in.

Somehow, this amateurish, Super 8mm oddity successfully captures the feel of the pre-60's films it attempts to both emulate and spoof. (Of course, the grainy black & white footage and post-synch narration has much to do with this.) Knowing its limitations, it embraces such no-budget tricks as celluloid-scratching effects and a goofy, animated credits sequence. And—as I mentioned earlier—there is gore to be had. The opening butchery aside, the lead aliens find themselves meeting no more pleasant a fate (a running fan blade is shoved in one's face, whilst another suffers from a similarly messy decap).

Not great by anyone's low standards, but an interesting homegrown effort nonetheless. (Does anyone know if these guys ever did anything else?)

Mike 2EZ...

Easily qualifying as "so bad it's good", *Shock! Shock! Shock!* is a riot. Although probably a college film, this superhero-oriented science-fiction/horror comedy is not only a black and white send-up of 60s films, but a splatter flick as well. (Did I mention the claymation?) And, for some reason, it works.

A must see.

Tentacles (1976)

Esse Cinematografica [Italy]

and American International Pictures, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Ovidio G. Assonitis

PRO: E. F. Doria

SCR: Steve Carabatsos, Tito Carpi, and Jerome Max

DOP: Roberto d'Ettore Piazzoli

EXP: Ovidio G. Assonitis

ART: M. Spring

AST: Peter Shepherd

MUS: Stelvio W. Cipriani

STR: Claude Akins, Delta Boccardo, Alan Boyd, Kristin M. Brekke, Sherry Buchanan, Philip Dallas, Cesare Danova, Franco Diogene, Marc Fiorini, Henry

Each year 10,000
tourists visit
Ocean Beach.

This Summer Ocean
Beach has attracted
SOMETHING ELSE!



TENTACLES PG

An American International Release

Tentacles continued

STR: Fonda, Ross Gordon, Bo Hopkins, John Huston, Joseph Johnston, Fonard C. Lightfoot, Kenneth Lundeen, Helena Makela, Patrick Mulvihill, Janet Myers, Giancarlo Nacinelli, Alessandro Poggi, Roberto Poggi, Janet Raycraft, Rita Real, Alan Scharf, Ronald Shapiro, Joanne van Raaphorst, William van Raaphorst, John White and Shelley Winters

Approximately 90m; Color

VID: Tentacles [Embassy Home Entertainment; 90m]

This lame Jaws rip-off offers very little in the way of suspense, excitement, or cheap thrills. Having an unattended

baby being gobbled up by the slimy beast (All offscreen. Damn.) is an impressive start, but it's all downhill from there. Save for a waterlogged corpse, there's no gore. The bottom line is: too much melodrama, not enough schlock. (It is, well, supposed to be an exploitation film after all.)

So why'd we use the ad art for the cover, and the original theatrical coloring contest elsewhere in these pages? Because they're great, but—sadly—the only thing really going for this podunk monster flick.

Mike 22...

This slow moving melodrama has a few disturbing scenes, but nothing really worth the \$7 I paid to own a copy of it, I'm sorry to say.

The Toy Box (1970)

Pacific International Pictures [USA]

DIR: Ron Garcia

PRO: Harry Novak

SCR: Ron Garcia

DOP: H.P. Edwards

EXP: Phillip Yankowitz

STR: Marie Arnold, Neal Bishop, T.E. Brown, Ralph Dale, Nancy Freese, Lisa Goodman, Kathie Hilton, Karen Hutt, Marsha Jordan, Jack King, Casey Larrain, Patti Mendosa, Steve Moon, Ann Meyers, Deborah Osborne, and Evan Steele

Approximately 93m; Color

VID: The Toy Box [Something Weird Video; 93m]

ADL: A Pandora's Box of Freudian Depravity

And, well... now it's time for something *completely* different. (Okay, so maybe "fucked up" is more appropriate.)

The story concerns an alien (eyes blank and mouth perpetually agape) who collects human brains and ships them back to his home planet where they're a much in demand commodity on the black market. It seems that ingestion of our gray matter acts as an intoxicant for them—especially the brains of humans who are particularly "depraved." This—as I'm sure you can foresee—gives the filmmakers a sound reason to lock a bunch of horny hippies into an old mansion and let them go at it like rutting pigs.

But, as I said, this isn't simply a sex pic. During the festivities, a few of the guests get knocked off while hallucinating *in flagrante*... and the prop people have a chance to put their colored floodlights and smoke machines to good use. (The best of these scenes involves a butcher and a necrophilic encounter with one of his "sides of beef", while another wakes up and promptly disposes of him in what is apparently a moment of poetic justice.) Decapitated heads—as well as an entire corpse—seem to pop up at the most inopportune times, but the carnage is quickly laughed off the set by the distracted partygoers.

**"A PANDORA'S BOX OF
FREUDIAN DEPRAVITY"**

BIZARRE, SHOCKING BEYOND BELIEF!!!

What Happened
at the Midnight
party?

HARRY NOVAK presents
**THE
TOY
BOX**

WARNING:
If you do not have a strong heart,
do not view this Motion Picture!!!

**HE TWISTED WOMEN IN HIS HANDS
AS THOUGH THEY WERE TOYS!**

Color
Persons under 18
not allowed!

CASTING:
EVAN STEEL • ANN MEYERS • DEBORAH OSBORNE • LISA GOODMAN
DIRECTED BY:
RON GARCIA • H.P. EDWARDS

A INDOOR INTERNATIONAL PICTURES RELEASE

The Toy Box continued

The **Toy Box**, a bizarre enough sexploitation flick if there ever was one, depends on its science fiction/horror contrivances almost as much as the rampant softcore sex. (Obviously, some of the goings-on are hardcore, but nothing incriminating is shown. Strangely enough, it was still released with an X-rating.) Despite the interesting—albeit silly—concepts, the script itself never rises above that of a cheap porn novel. (Lines like “My nipples... they’re like rocks” or “It feels like a tree trunk between my legs” will either make the viewer reach for the Alka Seltzer, or the remote.)

The remaining production values—save for some inspired camerawork—isn’t much better, especially the post-synch dubbing (some of which is cleverly disguised as first-person narration or—in the case of our opportunistic alien—

telepathy). There’s some mild bondage and S&M, and an orgy sequence that someone in the editing room really liked ‘cause he used it in its entirety twice, back to back.

And dig the groovy ad art.

Mike 22...

The **Toy Box** is so-so sci-fi/softcore porn that probably would have benefited from some hardcore sex. The lame, obviously dubbed in moaning and the even worse pillow talk makes the sex scenes nearly unwatchable. (Not to mention a recycled orgy which was bad enough the first time around.) The necrophilia scenes were the only highlights.

As a whole, **The Toy Box** is recommended only for the truly, truly bored.

Track of the Moon Beast (1972)

Lizard Productions, Inc. [USA]

DIR: Dick Ashe

PRO: Ralph T. Desiderio

SCR: William FINDER and Charles Sinclair

DOP: E. Scott Wood

EXP: Frank J. Desiderio

EFX: Joe Blasco [Make-Up]

MUS: Harry D. Glass and Bob Orpin

STR: Timothy Wayne Brown, Jim Butler, Chase Cordell, Donna Leigh Drake, Gary Kanin, Francine Kessler, Crawford, MacCallum, Fred McCaffrey, Gregario, Sala, Alan Swain, Jeanne Swain, and Patrick Wright

Approximately 82m; Color

VID: **Track of the Moon Beast**

[Prism Entertainment; 90(81)m]

ADL: *The Rising Moon Creates a Monster*

An asteroid collides with our moon, resulting in a shower of meteorites hitting the Earth. Some poor schmuck is tapped on the noggin by a piece while making out, and—true to the prerequisites of **Monster 101**—turns into a overstuffed reptile whenever the moon shows its silvery hide. A bloodthirsty rampage ensues whereupon nobody truly important is murdered, but everyone gets panicky anyway. An Indian archeologist is asked by the police to help in the investigation, so-armed only with his trusty bow and arrow—he is off, trying to score on what is undoubtedly some pretty gamy lizard meat.

First and foremost, I seriously doubt any of the scriptwriters ever got past grade-school level science; even the most inane of comic books are more successful with their suspension of disbelief. (God bless illiteracy.) Gore aside, the effects are of the bottom-of-the-barrel variety: scratched celluloid and Vaseline on the camera lens are the worst of it,

although the “innovative” space effects do make it to the level of the old Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon serials at times. (Speaking of dated special effects, the time-lapse transformation sequences wouldn’t have been to bad... had they predated Universal’s **The Werewolf of London** or **The Wolfman**.) The gore, well... the gore is missing, at least on the only print currently available. (With the choppy edits during any and all scenes of violence, it’s obvious that there was a fair amount of the red stuff to begin with. But, alas, no more.) Not that it was probably any good to begin with—a dismembered mannequin arm will attest to that—but it sure would’ve helped make this mess a little more palatable. And—to add insult to injury—the only thing stiffer than the monster was the rest of the cast.

Although filmed in 1972, **Track of the Moon Beast** apparently didn’t get released until four years later. My guess is that—for whatever reasons—they couldn’t get a theatrical account, and was forced to sell it straight to TV (which would account for the missing violence).

If you’re in the mood for yet another asthmatic, rubber-assed critter flick, have at ‘er.

Mike 22...

It’s a werewolf film. Without the werewolf. (A scientist in the film insists the monster is related to the Tyrannosaurus Rex, solely because he’s 7’ tall and walks on two legs.) And, even taking the most awful werewolf films into consideration, **Track of the Moon Beast** has the worst transformation sequence ever. The remainder of the special and sound effects are just as bad.

It may have been better had the gore remained intact, but even then...

Unhinged (1982)

Anavisio Productions, Ltd. [USA]

DIR: Don Gronquist

PRO: Don Gronquist

SCR: Don Gronquist and Reagan Ramsey

DOP: Richard Blakeslee

EXP: Dale Farr

ART: Jim Simard

AST: Jan Baross

MUS: Jonathan Newton

STR: Sara Ansley, Dave Hood, Barbara Lusch, Francine Molter, John Morrison, Laurel Munson, J.E. Penner, Virginia Settle, and Bill Simmonds

VID: **Unhinged** [Lighthouse Home Video; 74m]ADL: *The Nightmare Begins When You Wake Up...*

Three college girls put their car into a ditch en route to a rock concert, and—rather reluctantly—they find themselves the houseguests of a spinster and her domineering mother who, aside from being wheelchair-bound, is quite nutters. Both women claim that the Mr. was put away years before (apparently, everyone in the family is bugfucked), but the girls seem to think otherwise.

Unhinged is particularly slow paced considering when it was made; the abundance of talking heads actually slackens the suspense it tries so hard to generate. And, despite some wonderful plot twists (the above average shock ending actually succeeds in doing what it was intended to do), the

scriptwriting rarely rises above that of pulp horror. (In the hands of actors any less capable, it would probably come across as little more than an H.G. Lewis flick.) As far as production values are concerned, **Unhinged** is otherwise average, although the fact that the synth score isn't as grating as most should please even the more indiscriminate fans.

The grue is also a notable exception. Even as the girls are picked off one by one (a scythe and hatchet being the weapons of choice), the film remains fairly subdued. And this may be the reason why the gore is actually quite effective; the viewer really doesn't expect such brutal scenes of violence in such a low-key shocker. (The slo-mo abattoir sequence is especially nasty, and definitely worthy of a separate mention.)

Best summed up as a gender-bending take on **Three on a Meathook**, **Unhinged** is charming despite its many faults.

Mike 22...

There's nothing like a film that dispenses with the formalities and offers a gratuitous shower scene within the first two minutes. Seriously, though, this is a genuinely spooky movie that succeeds because of its actors, let alone a great shock ending. (Shocked the fuck out of me, anyway.) The gore is fairly tame, but there are some great after the fact scenes that more than make up for this.

Definitely a must-see.

Vampira (1994)

Regal Films Inc. [Philippines]

DIR: Joey Romero

PRO: Ronald Stephen Monteverde

and Roselle Monteverde-Ted

SCR: Wali Ching

DOP: Charlie Peralta

EXP: Lily Monteverde

ART: Bing Santos

AST: William Thayer, Jr.

EFX: Rene Aradeza

EFX: Cinemagic Inc. [Visual]

MUS: Vehnee Saturno

STR: Daniel Antonio, Charisse Arad, Lulu Arrieta, Nida Blanca, Chiquixerex Burcos, Mon Confiado, Grace Cruz, Eva Darren, Randy David, Christopher de Leon, Virgie Domino, Roel Dumacho, Father Felipe, Jayvee Gayoso, Generosa Magranva, Charlie Mendoza, Pocholo Montes, Felanie Patricio, Joanne Quintas, Boy Z Quizon, Patricia Ann Roque, Caridad Sanchez, Maricel Soriano, Marylaine Soriano, Aurora Udueng, Sammy Vencio, Ray Ventura, Lorli Villanueva, Sear Villareal, and Ernie Zarate

Running time unknown; Color

VID: **Vampira** [Regal Home Video;

RTU; Filipino language edition]

My God... I think the Philippines are finally catching up to the rest of the world. (Cinematically speaking, that is.) I viewed this film the same night I checked out **Aswang** (1992) (which I reviewed in **Painful Excursions #10**, methinks) and a couple of other recent Filipino flicks I've now forgotten, and I was generally impressed by just how slick even the worst films of the lot were. Anyone familiar with Filipino films—at least Filipino *horror* films—I'm sure by now knows what to expect in the way of production values. (Or, to be more precise, the lack thereof.) Although I admit that I will miss the days of Eddie Romero and his generally inept peers, it's nice to see that the Philippine public may actually be getting *their* money's worth for a change.

As for the film, it wasn't subbed or dubbed, so—being barely proficient in English, let alone another language—I won't make any presumptions as to how competent the story was. (Especially considering that Filipino films tend to be

See The Video Vault
Continued on Page 48

Amando de Ossorio Rodríguez

by Scott Stine

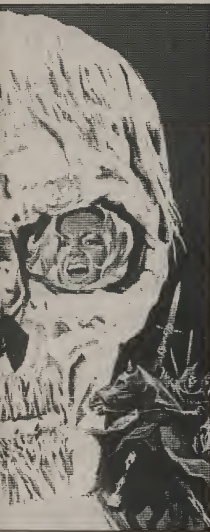
Up until recently, few Americans have had much in the way of exposure to the films of Amando de Ossorio Rodríguez, a Spanish filmmaker responsible for some of the most effective horror films that the 70s had to offer. Dropping his final surname, this man helmed a handful of low-budget shockers that not only surpassed but took advantage of their limited resources. (As well as directing, Amando de Ossorio tended to script and—most importantly—supply the special effects for his own productions. It is disturbing to think what would have come of the blind dead's infamous countenances had he himself not designed and created them.) Although suffering from the usual deficiencies that plague low-budget genre fare, the atmosphere of his better films—of which the *Blind Dead* series is the pinnacle—wills out, distracting the viewer from the productions' failings. Lighting, backdrops, sound effects, the monsters themselves, and—last but definitely not least—Antón García Abril's lurching musical scores all contribute to the pensiveness, the tension he sought to attain.

Little information about the man behind these films has circulated in the United States, despite the fact that most publications dealing with genre films—newsstand magazines and small-press fanzines alike—have at some point offered coverage on his films, or in some other way recognized his importance as a horror filmmaker of the 70s. What we do know is that he was born Amando de Ossorio Rodríguez in Coruña, Spain on April 6, 1926. He began his career as a director in 1956 with the short film *La Bandera Negra* [The Black Flag], and debuted his first full-length feature—the western *La Tumba del Pistolero* [The Tomb of the Gunfighter]—seven years later. With a movie a year under his belt, he finally took a stab (no pun intended) at the horror genre in 1968 with *Malenka la Vampira* [Malenka the Vampire]. Although this first genre-oriented effort was more of a titillating comedy than an out and out horror film, it showcased many of the same stylistic touches he would employ in subsequent, more horrifying efforts. Despite silly contrivances and primitive production values, his next film, *La Noche de las Brujas* [The Night of the Sorcerers] (1970), paved the way for a film with which de Ossorio's name would become synonymous.

La Noche de las Muerte Ciego [The Night of the Blind Dead] (1971) offered the viewer a full tilt boogie of Euro-gothic splatter, a conception that proved popular enough to spawn three more sequels. Although partly inspired by George Romero's groundbreaking gut-muncher *Night of the Living Dead* (1968), the first entry in the *Blind Dead* series exploited a part of European history rarely covered in our history books, the Knights Templar. Formed in 1118 a.d. during the First Crusade, this military-minded order of monks quickly attained a level of respect and support that defied precedence, ultimately answering to no man save the Pope himself. Eventually, this autonomous militia gained such power and wealth that existing governments throughout Europe sought to usurp their reign. Charges were made against the Templars—mostly if not all fabricated—accusing them of occultic ties, among other heretical deeds. By 1314, they had lost their positions in both government and the public eye; although no longer official, they continued to exist in one form or another well into the 1700s.



La Padre de las Muerte Ciego



The Blind Dead films played on the notion that not only were the trumped-up charges actually true, but that their deeds would make the Gilles de Rais look like a candystriper. Cursing those that burned out their eyes and put them to the stake, the Templars vowed to rise again so many hundred years later, and this they did. Scenes of the eyeless, desiccated corpses of the bloodthirsty monks rising from their mouldy tombs remain some of the most chilling scenes in film history; even Romero's ghouls don't evoke the same *frissons* that de Ossorio's progeny does twenty-some years later.

El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos [The Attack of the Blind Dead] (1973), the second entry, offered more of the same, even though it upped the ante with a larger body count. *El Buque Maldito* [The Cursed Ship] (1974) abandoned the Portuguese countryside for a rotting galleon, and scaled down not only the number of victims, but the screen time given to everyone's favorite revenants. The last film in the series, *La Noche de las Gaviotas* [The Night of the Seagulls] (1975), depicted the Templars on their more familiar stomping ground, this time demanding human sacrifices from a fearful populace.

As he continued to churn out the Blind Dead series, de Ossorio also made two other horror films. Whereas *La Endemoniada* [The Possessed] (1974) was little more than a silly Exorcist knock-off (even though it actually predated Friedkin's film), *Las Garras de Loreli* [The Grasp of Loreli] (1972) was an inspired shocker that was in tune with his more popular offerings. Following the last Blind Dead flick, de Ossorio decided to put some space between him and his more bloodied offerings. In 1980, he began directing a cannibal film—a genre still quite popular at the time—but for reasons unknown, he left the project after shooting only a handful of scenes. Assigned to complete the film was Jesús Franco Manera (aka Jesse Franco), who proceeded to do so in his usual perfunctory manner. The film, *Sexo Canibal* [Sex Cannibal], was released with no credit given to the man who initiated the project.

Sadly, his final film fared poorly as well, even though de Ossorio managed to see this project through. (Most prints carry the directorial pseudonym of "Gregory Greens", and after seeing the film, it is no surprise he wished *not* to take credit for it.) Marking his return to the horror genre, *Serpiente de Mar* [The Sea Serpent] (1985) was an abysmal monster flick that may have done well had it been cut down (for length, not content) and shown alongside the Saturday morning offerings of Sid and Marty Krofft. (Those spoiled by the crusty visages of his Templars will surely be put off by the sock-puppet monster that graces this pathetic excursion.)

Nothing was heard from the man for quite some time thereafter. Apparently inspired by the resurgence of interest in his films in the early 90s, it was reported that Amando de Ossorio was attempting to secure financing for a fifth Blind Dead film, tentatively titled *El Necronomicon de los Templarios*. Unfortunately, there were no immediate takers, and the project has been shelved indefinitely until the capital can be generated.

Although *El Necronomicon de los Templarios* has yet to be fully realized, it may eventually see the light of day due in part to a discovery made a few years back. A pristine, uncut print of *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego* was unearthed by Redemption Video, a UK outfit which had gained





world-wide attention for their genre releases (despite the fact that many of their films suffer from cuts made by the British Board of Film Classification, the UK equivalent of the MPAA). From this, they culled a director's cut that was released first by Redemption Benelux (a Dutch subsidiary), then remastered for a US release by Elite Entertainment. (The fact that Elite premiered the film stateside with a laserdisc release was cause enough for celebration, let alone that it was uncensored, letterboxed, and professionally subtitled.) Since then, this definitive version has been released on video by Anchor Bay Entertainment.

This release was so well-received that Anchor Bay decided that it was in their best interest to give similar treatment to what is (insofar) the cleanest, most complete version of the film's sequel, *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*. With the royal treatment given to these two films, one would think it would be only a matter of time until de Ossorio is approached by producers and asked to pick up where he left off twenty-three years previous.

It was erroneously reported that Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez died of cancer in October 1996 at the age of 70, and the rumor spread far before it was confirmed that de Ossorio was not only alive but in excellent health, still eager to produce a fifth installment in the Blind Dead series. (Even Elite's disc carries a premature dedication to the man, helping to further the false claims.) With a little luck and a lot of money, a new generation of horror fans will be exposed to the exploits of the Knights Templar, as well as to de Ossorio's stylish brand of low-budget shocks. One can only hope.

Filmography

Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez (1926-Present)

aka Amando de Ossorio
Gregory Greens
Armando Morandi
Gordon D. Osmand

Las Alimañas (1976)

Arquitectura Hacia el Futuro

[Architecture Towards the Future] (1966-Documentary)

El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos

[The Attack of the Blind Dead] (1973)

aka *La Cavalcata del Morti Senza Occhi*

[The Calvary of the Blind Dead]

El Retour des Morts-Vivants

[The Return of the Living Dead]

El Retorno del Terror Ciego

[The Return of the Blind Terror]

Return of the Blind Dead

Return of the Evil Dead

Die Rückkehr der Reitenden Leichen

[The Return of the Riding Dead]

De Terugkeer der Gemaskerde Lijken

[The Return of the Blind Dead]

La Bandera Negra [The Black Flag] (1956)

The Blind Dead see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Bloody Girl see *Malenka la Vampira*

Das Blutgericht der Reitenden Leichen

see *La Noche de las Gaviotas*

El Buque Maldito [The Cursed Ship] (1974)

aka *Das Geisterschiff der Schwimmenden Leichen*

[The Ghost Ship of the Swimming Dead]

Horror of the Zombies

Le Monde des Morts-Vivants

[The World of the Living Dead]

Ship of Zombies

Il Cacciatore di Uomini see *Sexo Canibal*

La Cavalcata dei Morti Senza Occhi

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

Canadian Wilderness see *Rebeldes en Canada*

Caray... ¡Qué Palizas! (1975)

aka *La Pazienza Ha un Limite... Noi No*

[Patience has a Limit... We Don't]

El Cazador de Hombre see *Sexo Canibal*

Chasseur de l'Enfer see *Sexo Canibal*

Chasseurs d'Hommes see *Sexo Canibal*

Crypt of the Blind Dead see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Demon Witch Child see *La Endemoniada*

Amando de Ossorio Rodríguez Filmography *continued...*

The Devil Hunter *see* *Sexo Canibal*

La Endemoniada [The Possessed] (1974)

aka Demoa Witch Child

El Poder de las Tinieblas

[The Power of the Darkness]

Escuela de Enfermeras [School of Nurses] (1964)

Fangs of the Living Dead *see* *Malenka la Vampira*

Las Garras de Lorell [The Grasp of Lorell] (1972)

aka The Lorelei's Grasp

When the Screaming Stops

Das Geisterschiff der Schwimmenden Leichen

see *El Buque Maldito*

Horror of the Zombies *see* *El Buque Maldito*

Hydra, the Sea Serpent *see* *Serpiente de Mar*

Jungfrau Unter Kannibalen *see* *Sexo Canibal*

The Lorelei's Grasp *see* *Las Garras de Lorell*

Malenka, la Sobrina del Vampiro

see *Malenka la Vampira*

Malenka la Vampira [Malenka the Vampire] (1968)

aka Bloody Girl

Fangs of the Living Dead

Malenka, la Sobrina del Vampiro

[Malenka, the Niece of the Vampire]

La Nipote del Vampiro [The Niece of the Vampire]

The Man Hunter *see* *Sexo Canibal*

Mandingo Manhunter *see* *Sexo Canibal*

Le Monde des Morts-Vivants *see* *El Buque Maldito*

Die Nacht der Reitenden Leichen

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Night of the Blind Dead

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Night of the Death Cult *see* *La Noche de las Gaviotas*

Night of the Seagulls *see* *La Noche de las Gaviotas*

Night of the Sorcerers *see* *La Noche de las Brujas*

La Niña del Patio [The Girl of the Courtyard] (1967)

La Nipote del Vampiro *see* *Malenka la Vampira*

Noche de Embrujo [Night of the Bewitched] (1958)

La Noche de las Gaviotas

[The Night of the Seagulls] (1975)

aka Das Blutgericht der Reitenden Leichen

[The Blood Law of the Riding Dead]

Night of the Death Cult

Terror Beach

La Noche de las Muerte Ciego

[The Night of the Blind Dead] (1971)

aka The Blind Dead

Crypt of the Blind Dead

Die Nacht der Reitenden Leichen

[The Night of the Returning Dead]

La Noche del Terror Ciego

[The Night of the Blind Terror]

La Révolte des Morts-Vivants

[The Revolt of the Living Dead]

aka Le Tombe dei Resuscitatiecihi

[The Tomb of the Resuscitated Blind]

Tombs of the Blind Dead

La Noche de las Brujas [The Night of the Sorcerers] (1970)

La Noche del Terror Ciego

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Pasión Prohibida [Prohibited Passions] (1979)

Pasto de Fieras [Pasture of the Cruel] (1966)

La Pazienza Ha un Limite... Noi No

see *Caray... ¡Qué Palizas!*

El Poder de las Tinieblas *see* *La Endemoniada*

The Possessed *see* *La Endemoniada*

Rebeldes en Canadá [Rebels in Canada] (1965)

aka Canadian Wilderness

I Tre del Colorado [The Three from Colorado]

El Retorno del Terror Ciego

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

Le Retour des Morts-Vivants

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

Return of the Blind Dead

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

Return of the Evil Dead

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

La Révolte des Morts-Vivants

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Die Rückkehr der Reitenden Leichen

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

The Sea Serpent *see* *Serpiente de Mar*

Serpiente de Mar [The Sea Serpent] (1985)

aka Hydra, the Sea Serpent

Sexo Canibal [Sex Cannibal] (1980)

[Co-Director w/Jesús Franco Manera]

aka Il Cacciatore di Uomini [The Hunter of Men]

El Cazador de Hombre [The Hunter of Men]

Chasseur de l'Enfer [The Hunter of Hell]

Chasseurs d'Hommes [Hunters of Man]

The Devil Hunter

Jungfrau Unter Kannibalen

[A Virgin Among the Cannibals]

The Man Hunter

Mandingo Manhunter

Ship of Zombies *see* *El Buque Maldito*

Terror Beach *see* *La Noche de las Gaviotas*

De Terugkeer der Gemaskerde Lijken

see *El Ataque de los Muertos Sin Ojos*

Le Tombe dei Resuscitatiecihi

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

Tombs of the Blind Dead

see *La Noche de las Muerte Ciego*

I Tre del Colorado *see* *Rebeldes en Canadá*

La Tumba del Pistolero

[The Tomb of the Gunfighter] (1963)

When the Screaming Stops *see* *Las Garras de Lorell*

NEWS FLASH

As this issue goes to press, it has been reported that Italian filmmaker Aristide Massaccesi (*aka* Joe d'Amato) has passed away from causes unknown. These rumors have yet to be confirmed by official sources.

THE UNMAKING OF GOD'S HOOKS

Stigmata Film takes a stab at "the big time" with its first feature!

Warning: Substances of an unstable and dangerous nature may be used to coerce you, the reader, into ordering a copy of this film if only because... well... we have absolutely nothing else to lose.

by Scott Stine

If I was a pretentious and unscrupulous bastard... no, let me rephrase that. If I was simply an unscrupulous bastard (the pretentious is a given by now, I would think), I would spend the greater part of this article touting my first (almost) feature-length film as a film to be reckoned with. I would wax on about its socio-political pretexts, and about how the stylish cinematography evokes the spirits of Fritz Lang and Sergie Eisenstein, and how... well, you get the picture.

If I was an unscrupulous bastard, I would say anything that could possibly convince you—the intended consumer—that *God's Hooks* is a must-see production that transcends the inherent limitations of the genre, and that it far surpasses anything else you may have plunked down an hour's wage to see, or three of the same to own. But, hey, I get enough hate mail as it is.

God's Hooks, despite all of the loving care that went into it, is a filmed-on-video backyard production. I will say—objectively, of course—that it is *at least as good* as similar productions made on comparable budgets, but it would disappoint any viewers expecting more. But, considering the resources at hand, I am also compelled to say that the final product is a hell of a lot better than it should have been.

Originally, I had no clue as how to approach this article. Do I simply document the filmmaking experience and hope the reader find *something* interesting about my tepid exploits? Or do I turn it into a hands-on guide for the aspiring filmmaker? Personally, I tend to dread reading such articles myself (listening to the pretentious ramblings of hack filmmakers drone about their half-baked home movies is not my idea of entertainment or education), so I had no choice but to go with one or both of the above approaches. (You and me both will have to see how it turns out in the end, all right?) Stop me if you've heard this one...

My first attempt at filmmaking, an unbelievably inept video production called *Blood Rites*, was written, lensed, and edited in one day during my high school years. My sister was assigned a project which involved making a short film for her theater class; once she acquired the equipment, I usurped her position and made the project my own. (Needless to see, she never turned in the assignment. If she never forgives me for this, it will be too soon.)

Despite how everything turned out, I was bitten. Shortly after graduating ('87, maybe '88) I bought my first camera—a Canon 814XL-S Super 8mm—and proceeded to make a few short films utilizing the combined talents of my-



self, my sister, and her then husband-to-be. (I had no theatrical experience myself—save for making a spectacle of myself in my punk-laden high school years—whereas Laurie and Charles had, by this time, a few years of school theater under their belts.)

My first cinematic excursion, "Stereo", was a paean to Andy Warhol's minimalist brand of *avant garde* cinema, and consisted of me filming myself in my bedroom mirror for all of three-plus minutes. The only motion came from the blinking red light of my camera, and a record player sitting on the dresser in front of the mirror, needle skipping perpetually in the final groove of a 7" 45. (As an in-joke, I used a copy of The Byrds "Turn, Turn, Turn" for the performance.) Unfortunately, no one picked up on any of the jokes. (To this day, friends run screaming when I suggest a viewing of "Stereo" for their benefit... at least those unfortunate to have already seen it.)

My next piece was another short (about five minutes, methinks), called "Roly Poly", and was little more than a surreal vignette about a faceless, screeching old woman (Played my sister, Natch.) and a deformed baby doll which occasionally displays all-too-human characteristics. (This one went over a tad better than "Stereo", but only because there was something of a coherent storyline.)

I then did some test shots for a longer, more labor-intensive production (Then called "Stigma". Go figure.) but nothing came of it until I revamped the material years later for a (lamentably) aborted feature called *I Am the Cage*. In mid-production of this endeavor, we faced several setbacks, the least of which being me being forced out of my then-residence by greedy landlords. (A rough edit of the first ten-or-so minutes of *I Am the Cage* still exists, but no amount of effort can salvage it. I think even Al Adamson would have had a tough go at it.)

Put off by Fate's impeccable timing, I boxed up my gear for the next few years, jotting down and filing away any useful ideas in the hopes that one day I would have the means to continue filmmaking. In 1996, friend and future cohort Michael von Sacher-Masoch (then still known under the more nondescript surname of "Sherman") talked me into collaborating on "Bound to Be Bad", a proposal for a straight-to-Public Access comedy show which was to be made on the most shoestring of budgets. (Apparently it wasn't shoestring enough as we still have yet to begin filming it, not to mention the fact that time and weather conditions had a hand in stopping it dead in its tracks on the few occasions we were able to green light the project.)

Last year, I managed to talk my father into helping me invest in a camera which—although surpassing the quality of lower-end cameras—was *still* a video camera. The idea was that if we produced something that deserved to drain our pocketbooks, we would film-look the final product. (Plans were made to process *God's Hooks* thus, but, well... maybe the next film.)

And speaking of *God's Hooks*...

In the interim between approaching my father and actually purchasing the camera, I hammered out a "script"—for lack of a better word—and gave it to my would be troupe. Well, *some* of them. Several didn't receive a copy of it until the first day of shooting. For their benefit, I (clearing of throat sounds inserted here) "trimmed" some of the unnecessary dialogue. (Check out my afterword to the *God's Hooks* chapbook (available from Stigmata Press) for more on the alterations made to the script.)

Filming began only days after I brought my coveted twenty-five hundred dollar toy home. In the true spirit of guerrilla filmmaking, I decided not to learn the basics of the camera in question until I began shooting the film itself. (In the spare time I did have previous, I never got beyond playing around with the wacky optical effects it was capable of.) On our first tape of dailies, you can hear the director on more than a few occasions ask "Where's my book?" (Referring, of course, to the ever-elusive Operator's Manual.)

MAKING A KICK-ASS HORROR FILM

OR HOW WE SCORED BY OUR OWN PATHETIC STANDARDS

Everyone remember the article we offered last issue about filmmaking? You know, the "How to Make a Kick-Ass Horror Film" which detailed fourteen simple steps in which you, the amateur filmmaker, should follow to ensure success with your first genre effort? No? (Hey, if you got any better ideas, write 'em down and send them my way. Not only may I print them, but I *might* even give you credit.) Regardless, it's time for us, the hydrocephalic cretins behind Stigmata Film, to put our first film to the test to see if we stuck by our guns. (By the way, the film is called *God's Hooks*, in case you may have inadvertently forgotten the name by now.)

Get yer abacus out 'cause here we go...

1. Do not kill off characters nobody cares about.

Well, that's debatable, for obvious reasons. Besides, we killed off damn near everyone, so if there was *anyone* the viewer may have remotely sympathized with, it wasn't a total failure.

2. Kill off young children

at each and every opportunity.

Well, had someone actually let us use their youngins for the filming of our movie, we would have taken the opportunity to do so. Trust me.

3. Rock culture and horror films do not mix.

Besides having the private investigator listening to *Teenage Jesus and the Jerks* and *The Germs* in the car, there isn't a single reference to rock music.

4. Punk rock and horror films don't mix either.

See above.

5. Unless you can put a new spin or slant on it, avoid vampires altogether.

Okay, okay, so our monster is, for the sake of argument, a vampire. (A South American mummy-slash-vampire, if you want to get technical.) Originally, he was supposed to be more bestial, more insect-like, but the lack of any funds whatsoever limited our effects expenses. And fangs are relatively cheap.

6. Never include obligatory sex scenes.

No problem there. The only person willing to get *on* natural onscreen was Michael, but—luckily—the part and the film did not call for it. Whew.

See Making a Kick-Ass Horror Film

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Making a Kick-Ass Horror Film

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7. Don't film on videocassette.

But it's *digital* videocassette. It looks a *little* better, really. And, yes, we were planning on filmlooking it, but every penny we have went into upgrading our magazine this issue. Yes, I know, we're hypocrites nonetheless. *Next* film, though...

8. Ignore the unwritten law that says movies must be "approximately 90 minutes".

Ignore we did. (Although, had we been able to use all of the outtakes--not even including the godforsaken amount of stock driving footage we accumulated--we probably would have made it.)

9. Come up with a name for your film that has absolutely, positively never graced the front of a marquee or video sleeve.

Thank Reg for that.

10. Don't try to save face with a crummy film by making it a comedy.

No need. There were more than enough comical outtakes in which to compose an entire film of its own. (Let's see. What would Al Adamson have done in our position?)

11. Don't label your film a "cult classic" prematurely.

Even I'm not *that* pretentious. And if I were, I'd have the smarts to pay someone *else* to label it a cult classic.

12. Invest in lots of fake blood.

Even though we *still* have some left over, we had an awful lot to begin with.

13. Animal cruelty or scenes of real-life butchery is a no-no.

Except for the traumatic experience of being memorialized on film (sorry... video), our rabbits are still okay. Really. (Ignore the end credit which reads "Bunny Wrangler--S.A. 'Cattleprod' Stine". And the outtakes labeled "Dr. Do!tyle, I'm not." And the... oh, nevermind.)

14. No rockers.

Never had'em, never will.

So let's see... by my count, I have ten points in my favor, two strikes against, and two indeterminable outcomes which could keep any court of law tied up for the next year or so. Not too shabby, methinks. If I say so myself, I'd be tempted to proclaim that we may just have a cult classic on our hands that... ah, shit. Three strikes and we're out.



Filming went reasonably well that first day (save for the infamous "It's got to be illegal" exchange, immortalized on the behind the scenes compilation *The Unmaking of God's Hooks*.) Everyone showed up, and I spent every moment trying my damndest to be a truly sympathetic and patient helmsman... in other words, the polar extreme of the tyrannical and demanding sunnuvabitch everyone knew I would eventually revert to. (By the time the more inexperienced and unwary troupe members saw my true face, it was too late as they'd already invested countless hours into God's Hooks, and weren't about to... oh, shit, they're probably reading this, aren't they? Guess I'll have to bribe them with some more milkshakes...)

Anyway, I guess filming went reasonably well over all, despite the time element. Even though the entire shoot took about, oh, four or five days, these four or five days were spread out over the course of four or five months. The reasons behind the extended lapses in the shooting schedule are numerous (my finding out much after the fact that what footage we had was shaky or even useless not being the least of them), but one thing seems to be the most predominate. Anyone out there thinking about taking the big step into filmmaking, listen up; this is one of those little nuggets of wisdom that will prepare you for the worst of situations. When working with two or more people on a project (director included), take into account that people's work schedules rarely fall into such a planetary alignment as to allow everyone available on the set at any one time. Everyone involved can plan for a day for filming months in advanced, putting in vacation leave, and even turning the ringer off the phone the night before, yet Murphy's Law will undoubtedly find a way to weasel its way into the tightest of shooting schedules. And rarely it is the faults of the actors or crew members, so putting additional pressure on your troupe wouldn't be in your best interest. (I think I lay enough of that on when they're on the set, so I think it a tad rude to make their life miserable when the camera isn't rolling.)

(You'll have to excuse me for a moment as I'm having a hell of a time trying to cover all of the bases and bridging them, so--as in this case--I'll abruptly switch gears if only so I don't start rambling incoherently.)

Since there were always free hands on the set, we made what seemed like a good idea at the time to film as much behind the scenes footage as we could for posterity. My uncle loaned me the use of his Hi-8 videocam for what I thought would be no more than a month, but then we decided to compile the better outtakes for a short documentary and, well, six months after the fact my uncle got his camcorder back, a little worse for wear.

From five or six hours worth of footage, we managed to cull a few gems. Enough, anyway, to put together a twenty-one minute collection of bloopers that, in retrospect, is a hell of a lot more watchable than the film itself. (Okay, so maybe it's only really funny to those unwitting conspirators who were duly caught between takes by a host of ever-vigilant camerapeople. But, hey, it's free, so quit yer arguing.)

(Yes, this is another of those obtrusive bridges. I'm sure there will be more before all is said and done.)

As of this writing, everything is finished save for the soundtrack (for reasons of space I dare not go into), so I'm still hopeful that I'll be able to salvage what we do have. On the set, if anyone ever questioned my choice of a take, I would respond that, if it didn't pass muster, it could be saved by editing. Or music. Since the editing cleaned up half of my follies, I'm not wholly unsure that a spiffy soundtrack couldn't tidy up the remains even further. (Unfortunately, even the music won't be able to iron out some glaring continuity problems. Or make the silly monster any more palatable. Or cover up the fact that... hey, just buy our tepid little film, all right? This way, we can afford to make something *better* our next time out. We can *only* improve.)

By the way, although a certain part of editing is instinctual, I still suggest some hands on experience behind the camera, and vice versa. It is amazing how much knowledge and experience in one part of the process will strengthen one's work in the other. I had already begun to work on the final edit before all of the dailies had been lensed, and going back to filming after spending innumerable hours in front of the TV trying to match footage made me profoundly aware of just how important the staging is, as well as shooting as much extra footage from as many different angles as possible. (If one can afford such luxuries; unfortunately, my earlier days in no-budget Super 8 filmmaking taught me nothing except getting it right the first time.) Of course, my co-editor Mr. Bell had been trying to tell me this from Day One, but I stubbornly ignored his wise ascertations for whatever reasons. (I'd become just as lamentable a figure as Ed Wood, proclaiming "perfect" after each and every take. Maybe I would have been more flexible, and more approachable had I been wearing women's underwear at the time. Hmmm... file for future reference.)

(Bridge.)

Again, filming went reasonably well, although all of us (yes, *all* of us) were a little worse for wear after all was said and done. First, Laurie and Charles had the pleasure of dealing with a bunch of punks who'd never stepped foot on a stage, yours truly included. Michael spent all of one day laying on a cold basement floor, sans a single sock and shoe, covered with make-up, toilet paper, and dead flies, and—worst of all—he was expected to hold his breath and refrain from blinking whenever the camera's eye was trained on him. And for his troubles, he was then rolled up in a filthy, piss-stained piece of carpeting and rolled down a muddy bank. (Just testing the levels of his self-proclaimed masochism.) Concurrently, Devon was hog-tied and force-fed not only innumerable PBJs, but just as many soon-to-be-dirtied socks. These scenes—adding up to barely twenty minutes worth of footage—took most of a day (at least seven or eight hours) to film. Once cut lose, Devon was then expected to wrestle with Charles on the aforementioned muddy slope.

Others—probably from having seen what was expected of the actors involved—didn't hesitate to throw themselves into their required parts as well... quite literally.

Teri, my significant other, took her cue from Jackie Chan; when asked to go into the attic and make a loud "thud", she promptly threw herself to the ground. Repeatedly. (Only after three takes did I realize that she was inflicting bruises upon herself for my art. Ouch.)

I may have been a demanding director, but never once did I expect anyone to do anything that I wouldn't do myself. I proved this by not only being a stand-in for Devon when he wasn't available to do a pick-up shot for his and Charles' muddy scuffle, but also when I took a two-inch sliver under the thumbnail playing "stunt hand" for the basement staircase scene. And—I saved the best for last—I played the role of the silly munster.

First, I want to make it clear that the "monster" in question changed, shall we say, *drastically* from the time of the film's original conception to the scaled down final product. (This is one of those rare occurrences where art suffers considerably from the lack of funds.) Originally, I saw the monster as an almost spider-like South American mummy (Clive Barker would have been proud), whereas the end product looked more like a Misfits reject wearing stock vampire teeth and gauze.

It gets worse.

What I foresaw to be a simple application of make-up took more than two hours to complete. While Laurie or Kathy labored with the make-up chores, the other helped me wrap the upper half of my persons with the aforementioned gauze. Wanting to look as emaciated as humanly possible, I tightened the wrappings just short of cutting off circulation and, well, a little *too* snug for my own good. An hour into the process, I found myself unaccountably light-headed. Dizziness soon followed, and—after blacking out for a moment—I was scrambling to have someone cut off the bindings that were apparently asphyxiating me. Of course—not wanting to have to repeat the experience—I had whoever (it's all still a bit hazy) cut down the back knowing this part of me would mostly be offscreen. (I think I lost more brain cells within the span of a few minutes than I have watching really bad films these many, many years. No, that's *not* good.) Although the tribulations that followed were child's play compared to this, they were no less uncomfortable.

Even at this point I was demanding some semblance of realism. I still wanted the monster to sport a head of long, matted hair, not unlike dreadlocks. (I intended to invest in some trendy product—the name currently escapes me—which was supposed to foster such results on short notice, but couldn't find it the day before when I went to actually buy it. Once again, I forgot *everything* I learned in Murphy's Law 101.) My hair has always been particularly unruly... except, it seems, when I want it to be. When it became evident that no amount of Groom 'n' Clean (which I use by choice) would do the trick, we turned to dumping whatever was handy into my greasy—but still unmatted—locks.

See The Unmaking of God's Hooks

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The Tra\$H Collector

There's a Book?

by Scott Stine

This—the first installment of a new regular feature—is geared not only for the obsessive compulsive collectors who make up much of fandom, but for those poor souls who have decided to take up collecting as a hobby. (Are you sure you don't want to get hooked on smack or something equally loathsome? It'll be the cheaper and probably less frustrating route to go, I assure you.) Herein we will give the basics of collecting books, magazines, records, movie paraphernalia, and the like, as well as offer reference material that will be an invaluable aid to either the novice or the hardcore collector. Although having been both a collector and a dealer for the better part of twenty years, I'm not nearly as unknowledgable or unscrupulous as most of the store owners you have or are bound to run into over the course of your buying jaunts. In fact, part of the impetus for writing such a column is the wonderful people (i.e. scumsucking idiots) who make up much of the trade. If I know I have contributed to the cessation of individuals being fucked over by the sloven half-witted underbelly of the collector's market, I will not only be proud but also unburdened by all the instances I was fucked over by the selfsame eyesores.

This installment is for those interested in collecting the various movie novelizations and film tie-ins that exist for whatever sleazy films catch your fancy. (Of course, many who start by collecting just those books that are based on films that specifically interest them may branch out—as I have—by collecting just about any godforsaken piece of dreck that is even remotely horror related. All it takes is a groovy cover and—wham!—you must have *them* all!) After giving you the basics of what you will need in getting started, I have followed it up with a selected bibliography-slash-price guide which should give the newbie a good idea of what to expect in the way of prices, various printings, etc. By no means is this a complete listing of novelizations, and shouldn't be construed as such.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

Bleaching—Severe fading of the cover art due to exposure of the sun.

Brittleness—The final stage of paper deterioration resulting in cracking and flecking.

Browning—A major discoloration of the pages due to aging, being the stage between tanning and brittleness.

Crease—A paper fold (usually relegated to the condition of the cover) that occurs in books from misuse.

Defect—Any flaw or fault in the overall condition that may

detract from the condition of the book.

Die-Cut—A design cut into the cover that reveals artwork on a secondary cover beneath.

Dust shadow—Discoloration caused by an exposed corner of the book which has gathered dust for a long period of time.

Fading—A discoloration of the cover due to exposure to the sun.

First printing—The initial print run of a book, copies of which are inevitably more valuable than those from later printings.

Foil cover—Books which exhibit a reflective layer of foil which has been hot stamped onto the cover. Easily damaged, thus more difficult to find in collectable condition.

Indicia—The page which cites printing information, usually found on the verso (back side) of the title page.

Novelization—A book based on an already existing film, based sometimes very loosely on the final screenplay.

Photo cover—A cover which depicts a photo from the movie or a publicity shot designed for the film.

Printing defect—A defect created during the printing process. Examples include: paper wrinkling, miscut or untrimmed edges, off-centered trimming, shifting of the cover art or off-registered color, missing or repeated pages, et al.

Reprint—A second or later printing of a book, inevitably less valuable than the initial printing.

Source material—A book on which a movie is based.

Spine—The edge of the book where it is bound, and where most damage occurs due to reading.

Stress lines—Cracks and wrinkles appearing on the surface of the cover and congregating near or along the edges of the spine, and due primarily to reading.

Sun shadow—Fading caused by parts of the book exposed to the sun for a long period of time.

Tanning—A slight discoloration of the pages due to aging.

Tie-In—Generic term for movie novelization or source material, printed and distributed concurrently with the release of the film on which it is based or vice versa.

Upgrade—A copy of a piece which is in better condition than one which the collector is already in possession of.

Verso—The left hand page of a book or the reverse side of a leaf, the term sometimes being reserved for the page containing the indicia.

GRADING CONDITION

Besides demand, the condition is the most important factor when determining the collectability of anything. Knowing how to grade a book is of utmost importance as a crease or tear can cut the value of a book in half. (No pun intended.) Some of the more unscrupulous dealers are quite lax about the grading of a book when selling it because many people—especially those who haven't been collecting for very long—are quite illiterate when it comes to determining condition. (The selfsame dealers, though, are rarely as liberal with their own standards when buying collections, boosting their profit margins in the process.)

Grading is difficult to learn and master because it takes not only a good eye and an ability to weigh and consider the innumerable defects which may befall a book, but a great deal of hands-on experience in reaching a conclusion as well.

At the onset, one must also determine where they wish to draw the line when it comes to condition (although this rarely stays put over the passing of time as one gets nearer to completing what they had initially set out to do, or when the scarcity of things once common become an issue). If one decides to collect only pieces in the uppermost conditions, the person must realize that finding the pieces they desire is not only setting for themselves an extremely difficult task, they must also be willing to pay top dollar. Those collecting pieces regardless of condition will find themselves accumulating (if the funds are available) a collection very quickly, but one that may be somewhat of an eyesore, and not a very good investment in the long run. Most will find that aiming for better condition pieces, but settling for lower grades when it comes to more elusive pieces (if only to fill the holes until a better quality copy comes along) seems to be the more logical choice, thus the route taken by most collectors.

As for values, books in fine usually book at about two-thirds of mint, while those in good are usually about a fourth the same. Remember: Prices are subjective. The availability of books in certain locales, the current demand for the piece among collectors, and other factors may or will cause the prices to fluctuate (although not dramatically) depending on where or from whom you purchase the piece. But remember: It's only worth what you, the collector, are willing to pay for it.

Mint—Essentially perfect in every way. Cover is tight with no surface wear. Cover inks are undiluted, highly reflective, and with no evident fading. Corners are sharp and show no wear. Spine is flat with no stress marks. Only the most subtle of printing defects are allowed. The most desirable condition.

Near Mint—Nearly perfect with only the slightest of imperfections allowed. Cover is tight with no surface wear. Cover inks are undiluted, highly reflective and with a minimum of fading. Corners are relatively sharp with only the slightest of blunting. Covers should exhibit no corner or impact creases, with stress marks absolutely minimal. Spine is flat with no stress marks. Only the most subtle of printing defects are allowed. The most accepted condition, as it is extremely difficult to track down a mint copy.

Very Fine—Not quite perfect, but still retains outstanding eye appeal. Cover is relatively tight with almost no surface wear. Cover inks are relatively bright and reflective, with a minimum of fading. Corners are relatively sharp with only the slightest of blunting. Covers should exhibit only the minutest of corner or impact creases, with only slight stress marks. Spine is flat with minimal stress marks. Pages may be slightly tanned from age. Only slight printing defects are allowed. A very collectable condition which will often fill a permanent hole in one's collection.

Fine—An exceptional, above-average copy that shows minor wear but is still relatively clean with no serious defects, printing or otherwise. Does not have the eye appeal of better copies due to slight surface wear and/or defects such as slight stress lines, slight flecking, or almost insignificant creasing. Cover inks are relatively sharp, but may have lost some of its reflectivity due to fading. Corners may exhibit slight blunting. Spine is tight, but may exhibit some stress marks. Pages may be slightly tanned from age. Slight printing defects are allowed, as long as they do not detract from the overall eye appeal. Obviously read, but handled with care nonetheless. A very collectable condition which may be upgraded at a future date if it is an important piece in one's collection.

Very Good—An average copy that shows wear, but does not exhibit so many defects that it is not desirable. Cover shows surface wear and/or defects such as stress lines, flecking, or slight creasing, but not so much that they detract from the overall eye appeal considerable. Some dulling of the cover inks, fading, and minor soiling is allowed. Spine exhibits the stress marks from reading, but is not so severely cracked that the title cannot be read. Corners exhibit blunting, with the presence of slight creases. Pages may be tanned or slightly brown. Printing defects are allowed as long as they are not overwhelming. Book may exhibit very slight tape repair or slight tears. There may be some writing on the inside pages, usually no more than a name or an equation (quite common, I assure you). A condition which may be acceptable only in harder-to-find pieces.

Good—A copy which—although intact—does not hold much eye appeal. Numerous defects mar the cover and spine, and may be heavily faded or soiled. The spine exhibits similar wear and tear. Corners may be severely blunted, with the edges chipped or creased. May exhibit a serious printing defect, as long as nothing is missing. Pages may be brown or occasionally torn, or with some missing chunks out of them. Some tape repair is acceptable, or it may have some tears along the cover or near the spine. There may also be some writing on the cover due to a very possessive owner or the like. Not very collectable unless the piece is highly rare, and usually relegated as a "reading copy".

Fair—A copy which is essentially intact, although it may be missing small pieces of the cover or unsightly sections of several pages. Holds no eye appeal as there are an overwhelming number of defects, including bleaching of the cover art. Edges of the pages may be slightly brittle, with or without numerous tears or missing chunks. Tape repair may be apparent, or damage on the cover being the result of a poor attempt to mend tears and the like. Some of the cover art may have been severely damaged due to price stickers or tape, and writing may be found on the cover or a grocery list on the inside cover, probably exhibits some slight damage from chemical solvents or dyes as well. Even the more desperate collectors would not consider this very collectable, even with extremely rare pieces.

Poor—A copy which retains no collectable value. Up to a third of the cover may be missing, or exhibits severe bleaching along with whatever myriad defects which may riddle it. May have been defaced with chemical solvents or dyes to a debilitating degree. Severe brittleness may make it impossible to hold without some of the pages literally turning to dust in your hands. Simply put, poor means just that, and is avoided at all costs by serious collectors. A handful of horse pucky will probably bring a higher price.

MINOR RESTORATION

Obviously, the beginner will not have the tools, knowledge, or first-hand experience with restoring those features of the book which may be repairable. Although not an expert in these matters, I am willing to pass along some wisdom I've accrued over the years... if only so you don't ruin a perfectly salvageable book by trying to fix it with Band-Aids and a bingo dauber.

The first rule of thumb is: Never remove price tags or other stickers without solvent. (No matter how careful you are, you will eventually find yourself accidentally removing half of the cover while trying to peel off a sticker no larger than a dime, resulting in, well, a worthless book.) There are some commercial products available intended for this sort of thing (Goo Gone comes immediately to mind), but I found—when it comes to both cost, availability, and dependability—good old lighter fluid (any brand) is the best. (Most commercial products leave a greasy residue, whereas lighter fluid completely evaporates.) Simply squirt on enough to soak the label, let stand for a minute or two, then begin peeling. There will undoubtedly be some sticky residue left behind, so repeat the process and clean with a paper towel. (It'll take some practice in doing this without smearing this godforsaken crap all over the book; your hands, though, won't be so lucky. Since it takes more lighter fluid—no soap and water—to get this gunk off your skin, I suggest you set aside any books needing cleaned until you have enough to make it worth your while.)

Warning: Occasionally, some older books boasting cheap color dyes and a non-glossy cover may smear. If ink comes off on your fingers when you go to peel the sticker off, let it be; eventually, the lighter fluid will dry and—as long as you didn't leave any paw prints behind—you won't be any worse off than you were before. Otherwise, success rate is probably about 99.7% once you master the process.

Next, but probably most important: Never, never, never use tape on a book. Magic tape. Masking tape. Fiber tape. Electrical tape. Duct tape. Medical tape. Band-Aids. It doesn't matter. If you can't repair a book by other means, leave it be. (You think I'm kidding about the Band-Aids? Working in a library, I'm still regularly amazed by how much ingenuity people muster when returning books that have fallen apart on them for whatever reason.)

If the cover has fallen off, or part of the spine is peeling, use a liquid plastic adhesive (conservatively) to reset it. Elmer's glue, wood glue and (especially) glue sticks will crack and discolor over time, doing more damage in the long

run, while rubber cement will prove to be virtually impotent. (Super glue might work, but I wouldn't want to take the chance of gluing my fingers to the book. I'd gladly sacrifice a few layers of epidermis to my collection, but skin dangling from the cover might bring the price down a tad.)

Next. (This is where the bingo daubers come into play.) Older books commonly suffer from stress marks, and—not entirely coincidental, I'm sure, when it comes to horror novels—many books use primarily black ink on the cover and spine. Now, I know your first instinct is to grab a felt marker and fill in the white cracks so as to make the piece more aesthetically pleasing. It doesn't work. (Trust me... I spent many years of my childhood trying to "fix" these nasty old books with my handy Sharpie, and spent just as many years making these same pieces that much rarer.) It is possible (with years and years of practice) to cover up some minor breaks without it being immediately noticeable, but the major cracks—the ones that truly scream for the kiss of a hefty El Marko—are the ones that end up looking worse when these selfsame attempts at restoration are made.

There are other ways to improve on a piece's condition without sacrificing its integrity, but they deserve more than a simple glossing over, and should be learned hands-on while working with someone knowledgeable in the field of book restoration. Even the more basic applications given above should be practiced first with non-collectable pieces before they are attempted on books that actually mean something to you. (Did I ever mention that, as a kid, I had the ingenious idea of replacing the cover gloss on an old book using nothing more than wax paper and a standard household iron? I won't mention the dozen or so Dark Shadows paperbacks that became my unwitting guinea pigs in this truly diabolical experiment. Needless to say, I still wake up screaming to this day.)

PRESERVATION

Preservation simply means "taking care of your books" so as to avoid any further degeneration of the book's condition. Although simple enough, these rules should be strictly adhered to as the laws of chaos are always against you. (And their agents. If you still live with your parents, or—even worse—have siblings, you know who I'm talking about.)

First thing's first. Books are meant to be read... unless you're a hardcore collector. If you have just found a mint first edition of *Night of the Living Dead* and are dying to read it, hold off. You will eventually come across a "reader copy" (i.e. trashed), or a less valuable later printing while doing your rounds. Showing a little patience and spending an extra buck or two down the road will keep your highly collectable piece from becoming one of the aforementioned reading copies.

Always store your books in non-acidic plastic sleeves. (By this, I mean invest in the polypropylene or—if you got the cash—mylar paperback bags you can purchase through almost any comic book store. Zip-lock baggies will not suffice.) On the same note, I have known some people to shrink-wrap their books, but this will more than likely result

in damages down the road as shrink-wrap contracts over time. (If you like your books permanently warped, then be my guest.) Store your collection in a cool, dry place. If they are on shelves, keep away from sunlight or harsh indoor lighting. If they are in boxes, stack in such a way that they are not likely to get bent within the boxes, and avoid stacking heavy boxes on top of each other. For the most part, as long as you use common sense, you shouldn't fare too poorly. If you throw them into a box in the corner of your rat-infested basement during flooding season, though, then, well, you get what you deserve.

Displaying one's collection (to a select few) is always the most rewarding aspect of collecting, as well as being the most hazardous. Guests are prone to paw through your stuff and—unless they're anal retentive types like us—are

therefore likely to do damage. (I made the mistake of letting one person look at my first printing of John Water's *Shock Value*. While leafing through it, she began recounting an unrelated story that had something to do with an aspiring sports star making a touchdown and, well, she got a little excited during her narrative, and—I think I'm going to cry just thinking about it—my newly acquired trade paperback inadvertently became the pigskin which won someone a home game. Needless to say, accidental or not, she bought me a new one; my relationship with her and her husband has been tenuous at best since that fateful day.)

Anyway, the only other wisdom I can offer is to watch other collectors as they deal with their own collections. If you're not sure if they're on the right track, take a good look at their collections as these are their only résumé.

SELECTED PRICE GUIDE TO MOVIE NOVELIZATIONS

Again, this is not a complete list of genre-oriented movie novelizations and tie-ins by any means, simply a smattering of titles which should give you any idea of the market for such books, and what to look for when haunting your local bookstores. (Most of these are out of print and will not be found at your local B. Dalton's; you will have to check the yellow pages under "Books, Used" to find what you're looking for, or may even have some luck scouring thrift stores, antique stores, swap meets, garage sales, or annual toy & paper shows.)

Please take note: Quite often I have purposely failed to include information concerning later printings (most are cover price or less) unless they are true first movie tie-ins.

Book selections are outlined accordingly:

Title [Translation, if necessary] and Author
Source material or movie novelization and the film
it adapts or is adapted from (Year of production)
Publisher (Parent company, if applicable)
[Country of origin]
Printing (Year of printing) Catalog number; Cover price
Also noted is whether the book boasts a photo cover (PC)
and/or interior photos (IP)

Each edition is then followed by the standard going rates for the piece in question, with prices given for the piece in Good, Fine, and Mint condition, respectively. (Generally, Fine copies are 65% of the mint price, and Good about 25%.)

Note: Some inclusions will be followed by a footnote when further clarification might be in order concerning a specific aspect of its publishing history.

Aliens by Alan Dean Foster

Movie novelization for **Aliens** (1986)

Warner Books [US]

First printing (June 1986) 0-446-30139-6; \$4.95

G\$1.25

F\$3.25

M\$5.00

The Beast Within by Edward Levy

Source material for **The Beast Within** (1982)

Arrow Books (Hamlyn Books) [UK]

First printing (1982)

G\$1.25

F\$3.25

M\$5.00

Second printing (1985) f1.75 (PC)

G\$1.75

F\$1.95

M\$3.00

Ben by Gilbert A. Ralston

Movie novelization for **Ben** (1972)

Bantam Books [US]

First printing (July 1972) 9168; \$### (PC)

G\$1.75

F\$1.95

M\$3.00

Black Christmas by Lee Hays

Movie novelization for **Black Christmas** (1974)

Popular Library [US]

First printing (February 1976) 445-08467; \$1.50 (PC)

Note: Not to be confused with the novel of same name by Thomas Altman, which also boasts a photo cover.

G\$1.50

F\$3.90

M\$6.00

The Blob by David Bischoff

Movie novelization for **The Blob** (1988)

Dell Publishing [US]

First printing (August 1988) 0-440-20214-0; \$3.95

G\$1.00

F\$2.60

M\$4.00

Blood Feast by Herschell Gordon Lewis

Movie novelization for **Blood Feast** (1963)

Novel Books [US]

First printing (1964) \$.75 (PC)

G\$10.00

F\$32.50

M\$40.00

Fantaco Enterprises [US]

First printing (June 1988) 0-938782-07-X; \$9.95 (PC/IP)

Note: Trade paperback.

G\$2.50

F\$6.50

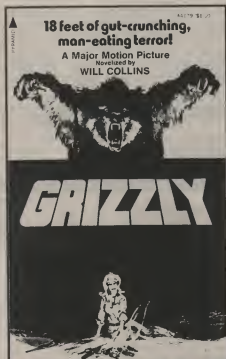
M\$10.00

The Boogens

by Charles E. Sellier, Jr. and Robert Weverka

Movie novelization for **The Boogens** (1981)

Bantam Books [US]



At least director William Gardner's swansong boasted some great poster art

The Boogens continued...

First printing (August 1981) 0-553-20209-X; \$2.50
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

Bram Stoker's Dracula

by James V. Hart and Fred Saberhagen

Movie novelization for **Bram Stoker's Dracula** (1992)
Signet Books [US]
First printing (November 1992) 0-451-17575-1; \$4.99 (PC/IP)
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

The Bride by Vonda N. McIntyre

Movie novelization for **The Bride** (1985)
Dell Books [US]
First printing (July 1985) 0-440-10801-2; \$2.95 (PC/IP)
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

The Brood by Richard Starks

Movie novelization for **The Brood** (1979)
Virgo Press [Canada]
First printing (June 1979) 0-920528-06-6; \$2.25
G\$2.00 F\$2.20 M\$8.00

The Brotherhood of Satan by L.Q. Jones
Movie novelization for **The Brotherhood of Satan**
Award Books [US]

First printing (1971) A842S; \$.75 (PC)
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

Buffy the Vampire Slayer by Richie Tankersley Cusick

Movie novelization for **Buffy the Vampire Slayer** (1992)
Archway Paperbacks (Pocket Books) [US]
First printing (August 1992) 0-671-79220-2; \$3.99 (PC)
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Cat O'Nine Tails by Paul J. Gillette

Movie novelization for **Il Gatto a Nove Code** (1970)
Award Books [US]
First printing (1971) A870S; \$.75
G\$3.00 F\$7.80 M\$12.00

Color Me Blood Red by Herschell Gordon Lewis

Movie novelization for **Color Me Blood Red** (1964)
Novel Books [US]
First printing (1964) 7N729; \$.75 (PC)
G\$7.50 F\$19.50 M\$30.00

Communion by Frank Lauria

Movie novelization for **Alice, Sweet Alice** (1977)
Bantam Books [US]
First printing (July 1977) 11241-4; \$1.75 (PC)
Note: Cover boasts one-sheet artwork and mentions film.
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00
First printing (July 1977) 11241-4; \$1.75 (PC)
Note: Variant with no mention of film on cover.
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Couch by Robert Bloch

Movie novelization for **The Couch** (1962)
Fawcett Publications (Gold Medal Books) [US]
First printing (February 1962) S1192; \$.35 (PC)
G\$2.00 F\$5.20 M\$8.00

Countess Dracula by Michel Parry

Movie novelization for **Countess Dracula** (1970)
Beagle Books (Sphere Books) [US]
First printing (May 1971) 94081; \$.75 (PC)
G\$3.00 F\$7.80 M\$12.00

Damien—Omen II by Joseph Howard

Movie novelization for **Damien—Omen II** (1978)
Signet Books [US]
First printing (May 1978) 451J8164; \$1.95 (IP)
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

The Devil's Rain by Maud Willis

Movie novelization for **The Devil's Rain** (1975)
Dell Publishing [US]
First printing (July 1975) 440-04553; \$1.25 (PC)
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

Devilday by Angus Hall

Source material for **Madhouse** (1972)
Ace Books [US]

Devilday continued...

First printing (1969) 14283; \$.75 (PC)
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

The Devils of Loudon by Aldous Huxley

Source material for **The Devils** (1971)
 Harper & Row (Perennial Library) [US]
 First printing (1971) P226; \$1.50 (PC/IP)

Note: Previous editions from other publishers predate the film in question.

G\$2.50 FS6.50 MS10.00

Dressed to Kill by Campbell Black and Brian de Palma

Movie novelization for **Dressed to Kill** (1980)
 Bantam Books [US]
 First printing (July 1980) 0-553-12977-5; \$2.25 (PC)
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

Empire of the Ants by Lindsay West

Movie novelization for **Empire of the Ants** (1977)
 Ace Books [US]
 First printing (July 1977) 20560-7; \$1.95 (IP)
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

Escape from New York by Mike McQuay

Movie novelization for **Escape from New York** (1981)
 Bantam Books [US]
 First printing (July 1981) 0-553-14914-8; \$2.50 (PC)
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

Fade to Black by Ron Renaud

Movie novelization for **Fade to Black** (1980)
 Pinnacle Books [US]
 First printing (December 1980) 523-41409-9; \$2.25 (PC)
 G\$.75 FS1.95 MS3.00

The Final Conflict by Gordon McGill

Movie novelization for **The Final Conflict** (1980)
 Signet Books [US]
 First printing (December 1980) 451-E9584; \$2.50 (IP)
 G\$.75 FS1.95 MS3.00

Frenzy by Arthur La Bern

Source material for **Frenzy** (1971)
 Paperback Library [US]
 First printing (December 1971) 446-65713; \$.95
 G\$1.50 FS3.90 MS6.00
 Second printing July 1972 0-446-65928-2; \$.95 (PC)
 G\$1.25 FS3.25 MS5.00

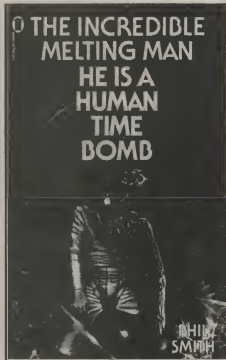
*Note: This novel was originally published in 1966 under the title **Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell Leicester Square***

Friday the 13th by Simon Hawke

Movie novelization for **Friday the 13th** (1980)
 Signet Books [US]
 First printing (September 1987) 451-AE5089; \$2.95
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

Friday the 13th—Part II by Simon Hawke

Movie novelization for **Friday the 13th—Part II** (1981)
 Signet Books [US]



With novelizations like this, who says splatterpunks aren't a literate breed?

Friday the 13th—Part II continued...

First printing (February 1988) 451-AE5337; \$2.95
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

Friday the 13th—Part 3 by Simon Hawke

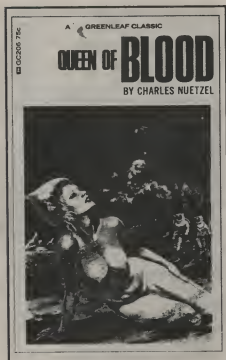
Movie novelization for **Friday the 13th—Part 3** (1982)
 Signet Books [US]
 First printing (May 1988) 451-AE5311; \$2.95
 G\$1.00 FS2.60 MS4.00

The Funhouse by Owen West (Dean R. Koontz)

Movie novelization for **The Funhouse** (1980)
 Jove Books [US]
 First printing (November 1980) 0-515-05726-6; \$2.75
 G\$2.00 FS5.20 MS8.00

Games by Simone Signoret

Movie novelization for **Games** (1967)
 Ace Books [US]
 First printing (1967) H-32; \$.60 (PC)
 G\$1.25 FS3.25 MS5.00



Tia: a shame that this scene is not represented in the actual film, now isn't it?

God Told Me To by C.K. Chandler

Movie novelization for **God Told Me To** (1976)

Ballantine Books [US]

First printing (December 1976) 345-25213-6; \$1.50

GS1.25 F\$3.25 MS\$5.00

Gore Vidal's Caligula by William Howard

Movie novelization for **Caligula** (1979)

Warner Books [US]

First printing (February 1979) 0-446-82701-0; \$2.25 (PC/IP)

GS1.00 F\$2.60 MS\$4.00

Grizzly by Will Collins

Movie novelization for **Grizzly** (1976)

Pyramid Books [US]

First printing (April 1976) 0-515-04179-3; \$1.50

GS1.00 F\$2.60 MS\$4.00

Second printing-Present (April 1976-Present)

GS.75 F\$1.95 MS\$3.00

Note: Cover is a reproduction from the theatrical one-sheet and boasts artwork by comic illustrator Neal Adams.

Halloween by Curtis Richards

Movie novelization for **Halloween** (1978)

Bantam Books [US]

First printing (October 1979) 0-553-14036-1; \$2.25

GS1.50 F\$3.90 MS\$6.00

Halloween II by Jack Martin

Movie novelization for **Halloween II** (1981)

Zebra Books (Kensington Publishing) [US]

First printing (1981) 0-89083-864-X; \$2.95 (IP)

GS1.25 F\$3.25 MS\$5.00

The Hearse by Henry Clement

Movie novelization for **The Hearse** (1980)

Pinnacle Books [US]

First printing (July 1980) 523-41056-5; \$2.25 (PC)

GS1.00 F\$2.60 MS\$4.00

Holocaust 2000 by Michael Robson

Movie novelization for **Holocaust 2000** (1978)

Sphere Books [UK]

First printing (1978) 0-7221-7419-5; 85p (PC)

GS1.50 F\$3.90 MS\$6.00

Hounds of Dracula by Ken Johnson

Source material for **Zoltan... Hound of Dracula** (1977)

Everest Books, Ltd. [UK]

First printing (1977)

GS1.25 F\$3.25 MS\$5.00

Signet Books [US]

First printing (October 1977) 451-E7739; \$1.75

GS.75 F\$1.95 MS\$3.00

House of Dark Shadows by Marilyn Ross

Movie novelization for **House of Dark Shadows** (1970)

Paperback Library [US]

First printing (October 1970) 64-537; \$.75 (PC/IP)

GS\$4.00 F\$10.40 MS\$16.00

How Awful About Allan by Henry Farrell

Source material for **How Awful About Allan** (1970)

Avon Books [US]

First printing (November 1965) G1275; \$.50 (PC)

GS1.00 F\$2.60 MS\$4.00

The Howling by Gary Brandner

Source material for **The Howling** (1980)

Hamlyn Books (Arrow Books) [UK]

First printing (1978)

GS1.50 F\$3.90 MS\$6.00

Arrow Books [UK]

First printing (1985) 0-09-943720-1; £2.25

GS.75 F\$1.95 MS\$3.00

I Am Legend by Richard Matheson

Source material for **The Omega Man** (1971)

Berkley Medallion [US]

First printing (August 1971) S2041; \$.75

GS1.00 F\$2.60 MS\$4.00

Second printing (November 1971) S2041; \$.75

I Am Legend continued...

G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Note: Previous editions from other publishers predate the film in question.

The Incredible Melting Man by Phil Smith
Movie novelization for **The Incredible Melting Man** (1977)
New English Library [UK]

First printing (February 1978) 450 04348 7; 85p
G\$2.00 F\$5.20 M\$8.00

It Lives Again! by James Dixon
Movie novelization for **It Lives Again!** (1978)
Ballantine Books [US]
First printing (June 1978) 345-27693; \$1.95
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

It's Alive! by Richard Woodley
Movie novelization for **It's Alive!** (1974)
Ballantine Books [US]
First printing (April 1977) 345-25879; \$1.50
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

Jason Lives—Friday the 13th Part VI by Simon Hawke
Movie novelization for
Jason Lives—Friday the 13th Part VI (1986)
Signet Books [US]
First printing (August 1986) 451-AE4641; \$2.95
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

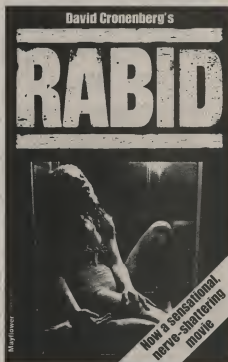
Kingdom of the Spiders by Bernhard J. Hurwood
Movie novelization for **Kingdom of the Spiders** (1977)
Ace Books [US]
First printing (October 1977) 0-441-44512-8; \$1.95 (IP)
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

The Legacy by John Coyne
Movie novelization for **The Legacy** (1979)
Berkeley Medallion [US]
First printing (April 1979) 0-425-04183-2; \$2.25
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane
by Laird Koenig
Source material for
The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane (1976)
Bantam Books [US]
First printing (February 1975) T7965; \$1.50
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Lust for a Vampire by William Hughes
Movie novelization for **Lust for a Vampire** (1971)
Beagle Books (Sphere Books) [US]
First printing (June 1971) 8441-94095; \$.75 (PC)
G\$3.00 F\$7.80 M\$12.00

The Majorettes by John Russo
Source material for **The Majorettes** (1987)
Pocket Books [US]
First printing (September 1979) 0-671-82315-9; \$1.95
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00



I wonder why this movie novelization never received an American release...

The Man Who Could Cheat Death
by Barre Lyndon and Jimmy Sangster
Movie novelization for
The Man Who Could Cheat Death (1959)
Avon Books [UK]
First printing (1959) T-362; \$.35 (PC)
G\$3.00 F\$7.80 M\$12.00

The Manitou by Graham Masterton
Source material for **The Manitou** (1978)
Pinnacle Books [US]
First printing (November 1976) 523-40233-3
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00
Second printing (August 1977) 523-40233-3
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00
Third printing (February 1978) 523-40233-3; \$2.25 (PC/IP)
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00
Star Books [UK]
Printings unknown (1978) 0-352-39616-4; 75p
Note: Photo covers on later printings
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

Monkey Shines—An Experiment in Fear by Michael Stewart
Source material for

Monkeyshines—An Experiment in Terror (1988)
Vintage Books [US]

First printing (August 1988) 394-75926-5; \$4.95 (PC)
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

Moonshine Mountain by Charles Gore
Movie novelization for Moonshine Mountain (1964)

Novel Books [US]
First printing (1964) 7N747; \$.75 (PC)
G\$5.00 F\$13.00 M\$20.00

Night of the Living Dead by John Russo
Movie novelization for Night of the Living Dead (1968)

Warner Books [US]
First printing (January 1974) 0-446-74610-8; \$1.25 (PC/IP)
G\$2.50 F\$6.50 M\$10.00

Pocket Books [US]
First printing (January 1981) 0-671-83573-4; \$2.25 (IP)
Note: First printing has foil spine.
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Night Stalker by Jeff Rice
Movie novelization for The Night Stalker (1972)

Pocket Books [US]
First printing (December 1973) 671-78343-2; \$1.25 (PC)
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Night Strangler by Jeff Rice
Movie novelization for The Night Strangler (1972)

Pocket Books [US]
First printing (January 1974) 671-78352-1; \$1.25
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Night Walker by Robert Bloch
Movie novelization for The Night Walker (1964)

Award Books [US]
First printing (December 1964) A124F; \$.50
G\$2.00 F\$5.20 M\$8.00

The Nightmares on Elm Street Parts 1,2,3;
The Continuing Story by Jeffrey Cooper

Movie novelizations for A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984)
A Nightmare on Elm Street 2—Freddy's Revenge (1985)

A Nightmare on Elm Street—Dream Warriors (1987)
St. Martin's Press [US]
First printing (February 1987) 0-312-90517-3; \$3.95 (PC/IP)
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

The Omen by David Seltzer
Source material for The Omen (1976)

Signet Books [US]
First printing (July 1976) 451-W7065; \$1.50 (IP)
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

Patrick by Keith Harrington
Movie novelization for Patrick (1978)

Avon Books [US]
First printing (January 1980) 0-380-48363-7; \$1.95
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Picture Mommy Dead by Robert Sherman
Movie novelization for Picture Mommy Dead (1966)

Lancer Books [US]
First printing (1966) 72-123; \$.50 (PC)
G\$1.25 F\$3.25 M\$5.00

The Premature Burial by Max Hallan Danne
Movie novelization for The Premature Burial (1962)

Lancer Books [US]
First printing (1962) 71-313; \$.35 (PC)
G\$2.50 F\$6.50 M\$10.00

Prophecy by David Seltzer
Movie novelization for Prophecy (1979)

Ballantine Books [US]
First printing (February 1979) 345-28034-2; \$2.25 (PC)
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Psycho by Robert Bloch
Source material for Psycho (1960)

Crest Books [US]
First printing (July 1960) S385; \$.35 (PC)
G\$2.00 F\$5.20 M\$8.00

Bantam Books [US]
First printing (February 1969) H3808; \$.60
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Queen of Blood by Charles Nuetzel
Movie novelization for Queen of Blood (1966)

Greenleaf Classics [US]
First printing (1966) GC206; \$.75 (IP)
G\$7.50 F\$19.50 M\$30.00

Rabid by Richard Lewis
Movie novelization for Rabid (1977)

Mayflower Books [UK]
First printing (1977) 0-583-12852-1; 75p (PC)
G\$2.50 F\$6.50 M\$10.00

Second printing (1977) 0-583-12852-1; 75p (PC)
G\$2.00 F\$5.20 M\$8.00

Ratman's Notebooks by Stephen Gilbert
Source material for Willard (1971)

Lancer Books [US]
First printing (1968) 447-75142; \$.95
Note: This edition predates the film in question.
G\$1.00 F\$2.60 M\$4.00

Re-Animator by Jeff Rovin
Movie novelization for Re-Animator (1985)

Pocket Books [US]
First printing (May 1987) 0-671-63723; \$3.50 (PC)
G\$1.50 F\$3.90 M\$6.00

Ruby by Kerry Stewart
Movie novelization for Ruby (1978)

Berkeley Medallion Books [US]
First printing (February 1978) 0-425-03640-5; \$1.75
G\$.75 F\$1.95 M\$3.00

Saturn 3 by Steve Gallagher			First printing (1964) \$7.5 (PC)	
Movie novelization for Saturn 3 (1980)			G\$7.50	F\$19.50 M\$30.00
Sphere Books [UK]			Fantaco Enterprises [US]	
First printing (1980) 0-7221-3762-1; 95p			First printing (June 1988) 0-938782-08-8; \$9.95 (PC/IP)	
G\$1.25	F\$3.25	M\$5.00	Note: Trade paperback.	
Scanners by Leon Whiteson			G\$2.50	F\$6.50 M\$10.00
Movie novelization for Scanners (1980)			The Vault of Horror by Jack Oleck	
Tower Books [US]			Movie novelization for The Vault of Horror (1973)	
First printing (1980) 0-505-51675-6; \$2.25 (IP)			Bantam Books [US]	
G\$1.00	F\$2.60	M\$4.00	First printing (July 1973) 553-08010; \$95	
Scanners II—The New Order by Janus Kimball			G\$1.50	F\$3.90 M\$6.00
Movie novelization for Scanners II—The New Order (1991)			Visiting Hours by Kent Rembo	
Warner Books [US]			Movie novelization for Visiting Hours (1982)	
First printing (July 1991) 0-446-36111-9; \$4.99			Pinnacle Books [US]	
G\$1.25	F\$3.25	M\$5.00	First printing (May 1982) 523-41844-2; \$2.50	
The Scars of Dracula by Angus Hall			G\$5.75	F\$1.95 M\$3.00
Movie novelization for The Scars of Dracula (1970)			What's the Matter with Helen? by Richard Deming	
Beagle Books [Sphere Books] [US]			Movie novelization for	
First printing (April 1971) 8441-94071; \$75 (PC)			What's the Matter with Helen? (1971)	
G\$3.00	F\$7.80	M\$12.00	Beagle Books (Sphere Books) [US]	
Simon, King of the Witches by Baldwin Hills			First printing (July 1971) 8441-94145; \$75 (PC)	
Movie novelization for Simon, King of the Witches (1971)			G\$1.25	F\$3.25 M\$5.00
Dell Publishing [US]			Willard by Stephen Gilbert	
First printing (May 1971) 440-07919; \$95 (PC)			Source material for Willard (1971)	
G\$1.50	F\$3.90	M\$6.00	Lancer Books [US]	
The Skull of the Marquis de Sade by Robert Bloch			Second printing (1971, says 1968) 447-75189; 95¢ (PC)	
Source material for The Skull (1965)			Note: Originally published as <i>Ratman's Notebooks</i> .	
Pyramid Books [US]			G\$1.00	F\$2.60 M\$4.00
First printing (October 1965) R-1247; \$.50 (PC)			☼ ☼ ☼	
G\$2.00	F\$5.20	M\$8.00		
Second printing (January 1966) R-1247; \$.50 (PC)				
G\$1.50	F\$3.90	M\$6.00		
Squirm by Richard Curtis				
Movie novelization for Squirm (1976)				
Ace Books [US]				
First printing (September 1976) 441-77890; \$1.95				
G\$1.50	F\$3.90	M\$6.00		
Tales from the Crypt by Jack Oleck				
Movie novelization for Tales from the Crypt (1972)				
Bantam Books [US]				
First printing (April 1972) 553-07439; \$.75 (PC)				
G\$1.50	F\$3.90	M\$6.00		
The Thing by Alan Dean Foster				
Movie novelization for The Thing (1982)				
Bantam Books [US]				
First printing (February 1982) 0-553-20477-7; \$2.75				
G\$1.00	F\$2.60	M\$4.00		
Second printing (July 1982) 0-553-20477-7; \$2.75 (PC)				
G\$1.00	F\$2.60	M\$4.00		
Two-Thousand Maniacs by Herschell Gordon Lewis				
Movie novelization for Two-Thousand Maniacs (1964)				
Novel Books [US]				

The Unmaking of God's Hooks
Continued from Page 33

Soon thereafter, I found myself hanging upside down, in a tree, shirtless (in what had to have been 40 degree weather), out-of-breath and still dazed from my earlier ordeal, hair dripping an indescribable substance (kin to the unmentionable horrors Lovecraft raved about), and—for all my pains—I was nothing but a silly monster. (Not only did I not scare anyone, Devon kept rattling off Misfit tunes he wanted me to perform for his amusement. Needless to say, I was not amused.)

We called it quits around two in the morning, unaware that we were short on the footage necessary to make the finale as competent as the rest of the film. No one—myself included—was willing to restage the proceedings for pick-up shots. Don't get me wrong: I'm more than willing to suffer for my "art", but even I have limits. The next film may be a different story altogether, though.

See The Unmaking of God's Hooks
Continued on Page 44

The Unmaking of God's Hooks

Continued from Page 43

And that, readers, *will* be another story altogether. Hopefully one that will fill twice as many pages as what I managed to drag this out to. (Hey... did I hear someone shout "filler"? I prefer to call it "in-depth investigative reporting", thank you very much.)

If you decide to order a copy of our film, don't say I didn't warn you.

God's Hooks (1997)

Stigmata Film [USA]

DIR: Mortimer Dempsey

PRO: Scott Stine and Michael von Sacher-Masoch

SCR: Reginald Bloom

[Based on the short story "God's Hooks" by Reginald Bloom]

DOP: Scott Stine

EXP: Gerald Stine

ART: Mortimer Dempsey

AST: Michael von Sacher-Masoch

EFX: Scott Stine

EFX: Scott Stine [Make-Up]

MUS: Post-Mortem Pre-Op

STR: Lorren Bell, Devon Bertsch, Teri Conard, Kathy Cook, Charles Dawson, Laurie Dawson, Scott Stine, and Michael von Sacher-Masoch

Approximately 50; Black & White and Color [Shot on video]

NOV: God's Hooks by Reginald Bloom [Stigmata Press]

SND: How Many Angels Can Dance on the Head of a Pin? [Stigmata Sound]

VID: God's Hooks [Stigmata Film; 72m]

Double-bill w/The Unmaking of God's Hooks

ADL: The price for immortality just went up...

"A young archeology student discovers what he presumes to be "God's Hooks", *parthenosis helixi*, a mythic plant which allegedly offers immortality to those who seek it. In an effort to protect the secret—and himself—from forces beyond his control, he inadvertently draws others into the imminent web of violence which ensues." That's what the video box synopsis insists, anyway. (You don't have a choice but to trust what this one says.)

This downbeat, often slow horror film is vague: the viewer is forced to guess the characters' identities and purpose from the start, indicating that mood takes precedence over the actual proceedings. The screenwriter does try to inject some substance into the tired monster-on-the-loose formula, and even throws a curve ball at film's end (*ala* Jacob's Ladder), but many viewers might find themselves too distracted by the shortcomings in the script, both in lapses of reason and continuity. The editing, as slick as it is, does falter at times, particularly in scenes involving action. (The finale would have benefited from a few more minutes worth of footage; as it stands, the filmmakers probably should have opted to scrap it altogether.)

Although it is doubtful that any professionals were involved in the making of this film (cast and crew notwithstanding), they make a valiant attempt to surpass their limitations, as well as the film's. Although a labor of love, it is obvious that the production was rushed. Although not much better than many shot on video productions in most respects, some convincing performances and an exemplary soundtrack (courtesy of Post-Mortem Pre-Op) help strengthen it considerably. (No cheesy synth score here, thank God.)

As far as more exploitive elements are concerned, there is no sex (What! No shower scenes?) and the gore is limited to the finale. (Unfortunately, very little of the carnage outshines the rubbery gore which punctuated Andy Milligan's early efforts.) The creature effects are pretty sad, but—Saints be praised—the filmmakers decided to adhere to the old adage of "the less seen of the monster, the better." There is also some humor—both intentional and not—to help soften the lack of the aforementioned qualities. (For a few guffaws, check out "The Unmaking of God's Hooks", a collection of outtakes and behind-the-scenes footage which—sadly—is a hell of a lot more entertaining than the film from which they were culled.)

Suffice it to say, God's Hooks will be looked back upon as little more than a no-budget oddity made by slightly pretentious horror fans.

Okay... how's that for unbiased?

Mike 22...

If my movie can beat out *Cannibal! The Musical* as my favorite film, this would be it. Yes, God's Hooks has competent actors, a groovy soundtrack, gore, and what Count Floyd would call "a very scary monster, boys and girls." What made this film for me, though, is an intense performance by the guy who plays Marcus, the private investigator. (The actor's name currently escapes me.) I will even go so far to say that his contribution is the glue that held the film together. (Keep an eye out for him in future films, as both an actor and as a filmmaker.)

Most of this film's problems can be attributed to the fact that "Marcus" was only allowed to act as assistant director instead of having complete control over the project. The film's biggest fault is that "Marcus" not only had too small a part, but that this fine actor was belittled by faked outtakes in the "documentary" which follows. (I'm sure this is due to the director trying to sully the good actor's name.) Regardless, this film has to be seen to be believed; God's Hooks is a must-see!

NEWS FLASH

Scott Stine's long-awaited book *The Gorehound's Guide to Splatter Films* (nine years in the making) will be available this fall from Santa Monica Press. (Yes, a real publisher, not some rinky dinky outfit like Stigmata Press.) For updates, feel free to check out our tepid little web page at: http://members.aol.com/trashiehd/page_index.htm

Guest Editorial

Continued from page 2

Guest Editorial

by Michael von Sacher-Masoch

Editor's Note: The first half of this editorial was slated to appear in the last issue, but wasn't printed because (take yer pick from the following excuses-slash-reasons) A: It was late in making its way to my desk, and/or B: I didn't want to waste the cute, more succinct introduction I cooked up on such short notice.

Hey... I'm trying to make amends here. Really.

Yes, I'm not another name in Mr. Stine's magazine. I'm a little worried as he—Mr. Stine—won't tell me what happened to his last partner, and he refuses to tell me what he keeps in that freezer in his basement.

Undoubtedly, I was curious as to why I was asked to contribute to GICK!; at first, I thought it was because we are friends, but if that were the case, I would have been asked to contribute several issues ago. So then I thought *maybe* it's because I'm a card-carrying Satanist, and Mr. Stine wanted to drum up some controversy with my affiliation so as to help boost sales. But, having been one for quite some time now, I again would have been asked earlier on, especially when sales were much lower.

Then, it hit me. The only reason I'm here now is because I whined, cried, begged, pleaded, threatened, and bribed my way on board.

Anyway, please wish me luck. (No, not as to my place on the magazine; I own half of that now. Wish me luck because I think I'm going to sneak downstairs and see just what it is Mr. Stine keeps locked in that freezer...)

And on a more serious note...

Whose bite is more damaging than that of a starving vampire? What drains more blood than a giant leech? What social parasite is more insidious than an entire colony of tapeworms? No, it's not the IRS... but close. It's video bootleggers. This blight on humanity has the gall and audacity to make money off of another's work, simply by making a copy

of it and selling it to some desperate sap for twenty bucks. I wouldn't be so bothered if these thieves were depriving rich corporations of a few bucks, but instead they tend to take hard-earned and much-needed money from independent filmmakers. Talent aside, these filmmakers pour their blood, sweat and tears (as well as a lot of cash) into these films, and the last thing they need is a bunch of assholes ripping them off at every turn. They (the filmmakers) rely on any moneys earned from their work to make not only a living but, hopefully, more films.

Although "bootlegging" is an interpretive term, I want to make it clear that I am not talking about anyone who dupes and sells copies of films. (Without some of these sources, many of us would never have an opportunity to acquire these films.) I'm specifically referring to the cancerous growths that sell unauthorized copies of films that *are still in print and available from legitimate, domestic sources*. Some of the bootleggers even have the nerve to say that what they are selling is public domain when anyone with a brain bigger than that of a Brachiasaur's pea-sized cerebrum knows this to be false advertising.

Ethics aside, these bootleggers invariably offer low quality (i.e. shitty) reproductions. Fourth generation dupes traded amongst collectors is one thing, but forking over twenty bucks for the same is blasphemous. (Many of the aforementioned businessmen who deal specifically in foreign prints or out-of-print films make an effort to acquire top quality masters; unfortunately, with the breed I'm specifically referring to here, this is rarely the case.)

In closing, I urge any and all readers who actually give a fuck about the market to boycott these vile wretches. Only in this way will we be able to funnel the money back to the independent filmmakers who desperately need it to survive.

Michael von Sacher-Masoch

Resident Pissboy

Disclaimer: The views that are expressed in these pages are not necessarily the opinion of the magazine, or the members of its staff as a whole.

GICK! would like to thank Scott McIntire of *Small Publisher's Co-Op*, Duane Eilf, and Hugh Newton of *Associated Video, Inc.* for their support, resources, and, well, for being damn fine people. You can blame folks like them for us being around.

Scott would still like to extend a "fuck you" to H.A. (Alan) Hale of *All Horror Video*, as well as Hart D. Fisher, Publisher of *Boneyard Press* and Editor of *Verotik*. And yes... we're still waiting for our check, you lying sack of shit. (I guess I should be happy that *someone's* enjoying the benefits of our endeavor.) Maybe you'll procure a conscious by the time next issue rolls around, but I'm not holding my breath. Asshole.

Michael would like to extend a personal "fuck you" to Foxx Entertainment Enterprises, for ripping off reputable companies and independent filmmakers with their sleazy bootlegs.

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e R R a + a (tHe BiG "oOp2")

Outside of the usual typos, I don't think there was anything horribly wrong with the last issue, but #10 of the previous run (under the *Painful Excursions* moniker) had a few. First and foremost, *someone* (don't look at me. I'm just the art director) slapped a piece of ad art from the Paul Naschy schlock-fest *Frankenstein's Bloody Terror* (originally released as *Los Monstruos de la Noche*) in the Al Adamson filmography. (Yes, this Spanish horror flick did get re-released stateside as *Dracula Vs. Frankenstein* as well, but that's no excuse on my part. I'd say I deserved to be beaten severely over this one, but then my co-publisher von Sacher-Masoch would try to take the blame.) Second was an erroneous adjective used in my review of *Mystics in Bali*. (A misleading word which my new editor, Mr. Bertsch, will never let me live down. Whatever you do, don't get this man's hopes up.) Apparently, I must have been suffering from severe delirium while viewing as I reported it to having a *kickboxing* demon pig. There is a demon pig, and it does exhibit a few sad wrestling moves, but there is no, I repeat, *no* kickboxing involved. So, if this simple qualifier is what will make or break the film for you, think twice before renting it. If there's one thing I don't want to go down in history for, it's being the guy who lied about the demon kickboxing pig.

GICK!'s WAY COOL, ULTRA-SPIFFY, NIFTY NEAT-O COLORING CONTEST

Say... do you enjoy reading GICK! Magazine, but are too damn cheap to shell out an hour's wage once or twice a year to read it? Well here's your chance to not only get each and every issue from here on out completely free of charge, but to have it show up at your door before it even hits the newsstands. How, you ask, does one receive such an untold wealth of information on the scrungiest films imaginable? Without, I might add, having to sell one's soul to a lesser demon? (Sorry... we don't even rate the patronage of Ol' Scratch himself.) Easy... at least for the artistically inclined. On the opposite page is a pen and ink illustration that was made available to theaters showing *Tentacles* upon its initial release in case they wanted to promote their film with a coloring contest. Since we sincerely doubt if anyone took them up on it, we thought it would be a crying shame if this stunning rendition of the film's finale went to waste, forced to spend eternity as nothing more than a black and white drawing. So here's the dope: Using whatever means at your disposal (crayons, colored pencils, paints, computer graphics programs, what have you), color your entry and send it to us by June 31, 1999. (And, no, you don't have to cut up your copy of the magazine. Photocopies are more than acceptable.) The winner will receive a lifetime subscription to everyone's favorite magazine of horror/splatter/exploitation films, and the winning entry will be published in an upcoming issue of GICK! for all to see in its garish glory. (If you want us to send you back the original, make sure to include sufficient postage, otherwise it will languish in our files. We really don't mind this if—one day—you become a well-known *artiste*; then and only then could we justifiably sell it for a pretty penny.) Address and send all entries to:

GICK! Coloring Contest
Stigmata Press
2531 D8, Suite 4500
Everett, WA 98201

Hints on how to render an award-winning submission:

- ✂ Realism is a big plus. A plaid octopus and day-glo killer whales won't cut it. (Save the tie-dyed interpretations for High Times unless you've got nothing better to do.)
- ✂ Takes some artistic license and add blood to the otherwise dry proceedings. Lots and lots of blood. (Use some restraint, though; no "redwashing" of the entire pic.)
- ✂ For the "artistically stunted," paying off the editor is not entirely looked down upon, and may be your only option. (Money orders—made out to "Scott Stine"—are preferred.)
- ✂ Did I mention the blood?



KILLER WHALES VS GIANT OCTOPUS



The Video Vault

Continued from Page 25

Vampira continued

talky, with an emphasis on melodrama.

What the English-speaking public will recognize, though, is the staples of modern day vampire flicks, and the resulting bloodletting. Granted, there here are some deviations

from traditional Western mythology, as Vampira's resident blood-suckers tend to be more feral, often adhering more to the cinematic portrayal of werewolves than vampires. As for the splatterpunk in the audience, few will find much of interest herein as gore is slim. (Save maybe for the overdubbed "crunching" sounds that accompany the expected love bites.) And the prosthetics are pretty shoddy, but we've seen just as bad in American flicks, so it ain't worth boo-hissing about.

Reserve Vampira for when you're in a daring mood. (Or if you can actually speak the language.)

La Venganza del Sexo [The Vengeance of the Sexes] (1967)

Forbes/Unistar [Argentina]

DIR: Emilio Vieyra

PRO: Orestes Truace

SCR: Emilio Vieyra

DOP: Anibal Paz

AST: Juan C. Codazzi

EFX: M. Medilaharsu

MUS: Victor Buchino

STR: Mary Albano, Michael Angel, Aldo Barbero, Ricardo Bauleo, Susan Beltran, Al Bigatti, Hector Blüchet, Alex Klapp, Justin Martin, Norbert Nelson, Gloria Prat, and Greta Williams

AKA: The Curious Dr. Humpp

Approximately 87m; Black & White

VID: The Curious Dr. Humpp
[Something Weird Video; 87m]

ADL: The ultimate experience in human sexual response

A very man-made monster—sporting a cartoonish paper maché mask with a flashing light lodged in its temple—chloroforms a couple doing the nasty. Apparently not content with a single kidnapping, the same crust-faced creature interrupts a pair of cute lesbians *in flagrante*, nabs a drunkard, and walks in on a woman playing with herself while looking at pictures of naked muscle men (all of the photos being conveniently cropped so as to eliminate any public shots). Always the over achiever, our monster is then chauffeured to a house where two pot-smoking hippie couples are in the midst of a foursome. Needing a break, our patchwork ogre goes to a counter culture strip joint and takes a seat, watching the grinding stage show; initially shocked, all of the patrons quickly pay the creature no heed.

Finally, something vaguely resembling a storyline kicks in—not that anyone cares at this point, but it does help to perpetuate the fucked up goings on. All of the abductees are pumped full of aphrodisiacs by a mad doctor whose voyeuristic

tendencies are equaled only by his desire to find a cure for... oh, whatever it is the poor bastard is suffering from. Of course, our local medical deviate has assistance... from a really bossy brain kept alive and conscious in a jar.

Being a south-of-the-border sexploitation quickie, **The Curious Dr. Humpp** suffers from predictably shoddy production values, but people who like their films pink should be pleasantly distracted by the hefty amounts of T & A and heavy petting. For us exploitation junkies, seeing the monster serenade one of the doctor's "inmates" while two women go at it nearby is worth its weight in scratched celluloid, as is the many surprises, decapitations, and strategically placed jars. Yes, it's as bad as it sounds.

Director Emilio Vieyra made an equally wacky film the same year, **Placer Sangriento** [Bloody Pleasure], released here under such lovely names as **Fest of Flesh and Deadly Organ**.

Mike 22...

Even though it took me over a month to make it through this film, I doubt it would've made any more sense had I watched it in one sitting. (The explanation at the end only made things more confusing.) Normally, I wouldn't mind a film that throws in gratuitous nudity and softcore sex every few minutes, but this was the *only* thing which might hold the viewer's attention.

This film's only redeeming feature (as usual) is the unintentional humor. The funniest scene is where our hero the cop is walking in the woods and—sensing that something is wrong—draws his gun. The camera then pans back to reveal no less than four of Dr. Humpp's zombie bench-men not more than a couple of feet away. Remember, he's supposedly an experienced police officer.

For masochists only. (Then how come you didn't like it? **The Editor.**)

NEXT
ISSUE

So already our Search for Satan as CICK #2 will be out in the NEXT EYE DUES issue, and will offer coverage on Satanism in the 70s. Forget The Exorcist and Rosemary's Baby—our primary focus will be on more obscure fare like **Blood on Satan's Claw** (1971), **The Devil's Rain** (1973), **La Indemoniada** (1974), **Lisa e il Diavolo** (1972), **Magdalena—Vom Teufel Besessen** (1974), **Tutti I Colori del Buio** (1977), and—of course—**Werewolves on Wheels** (1971). This one's for you, Anton! (RIP)

CHAPBOOKS

All chapbooks are 5½" x 8½" w/illustrated covers, and are \$3 each. SP001 through SP010 are out of print. Supplies are limited.

UGLY ON A STICK

An Anthology of Short Fiction (1995-1996)

by REGINALD BLOOM



SP011 STIGMATA PRESS \$3.00

Ugly on a Stick

by Reginald Bloom

SP011 (28 pages) *Second Printing*
This anthology collects four short pieces written during the interim of the author's first novel, *Ethylinsideout*. Stories include *Apostema*, *Scratch*, *Loup Garou*, and *Solace*. With afterwords and an introduction by the author.

Excerpts from Three Novels

by Reginald Bloom

SP012 (20 pages) *Second Printing*
This anthology collects excerpts from three of the author's (unpublished) novels, namely *Ethylinsideout*, *The Desperado Masque*, and ...and introducing the *Pitdown Man*. With afterwords and an introduction by the author.

EXCERPTS FROM THREE NOVELS

by REGINALD BLOOM

Excerpts from
The Desperado Masque
and *introducing the Pitdown Man*



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SHOCK after SHOCK

Three Tales Continued in *The Short Out of Life*

by REGINALD BLOOM



SP013 STIGMATA PRESS \$3.00

Shock After Shock

by Reginald Bloom

SP013 (28 pages) *First Printing*
This anthology collects three short horror stories which employ the use of "shock" endings. Pieces include *From the Same Cloth*, *Sibling Revelry*, and *A Bag of Nails*. With afterwords and an introduction by the author.

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS

Ethylinsideout

A Novel by Reginald Bloom

SP201 (8½" x 11"; 80 pages) *Limited Proof Edition of 100 signed copies \$10*
While waiting for a bite from a *real* publisher, the author has decided to publish a limited proof edition of his first novel. This printing will be available only until it has been accepted by another publisher, or until we have exhausted the print run of a hundred copies. Signed by the author, and—although bound in a somewhat flimsy binder—this is sure to become a collector's item, maybe even during your lifetime! What's it about? Well, this cross-genre outing is a haunting tale that tells the life story of Niccola, a girl whose buried past is the key to a series of brutal murders plaguing a dying city. If that isn't enough, she has to deal with everything from talking monkeys and time displacement to a particularly bugfucked serial killer whose unsavory trademarks include crucifixion and self-mutilation. Not content with exploiting traditional formulas, the author utilizes more unconventional tools to tell the story, immersing the reader in metafictional narrative and nightmarishly surreal visions. And much of it is autobiographical, to boot. Inspired by everything from William S. Burroughs and Francis Bacon to low-rent horror films and seedy grindhouse fare, *Ethylinsideout* is a truly profound mess that is sure to garner an initial reaction of "What the fuck?" from anyone daring to read it. (An excerpt from this groundbreaking book can be found in the chapbook *Excerpt from Three Novels*, for those who want to test the waters before jumping in.) Despite its difficult accessibility, we think it's safe to say that anyone with the perseverance to sit it out will be humbly rewarded.

Ethylinsideout

A Novel by Reginald Bloom



SP201 STIGMATA PRESS \$10.00

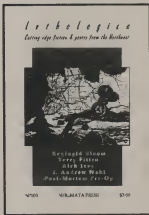
MAGAZINES

Magazines vary in size and page count, and are priced accordingly. SP101 and SP102 are currently out of print. Supplies are limited.



Lethologica Volume 1, Number 1
SP103 (5½" x 8½"; 24p) *Second Printing*
This small chapzine showcases fiction and poetry from numerous local talents on the cutting edge. Contributors include such writers as Reginald Bloom, Terry Fittro, Eric Fleming, T. Andrew Wahl, and Post-Mortem Pre-Op. **Only \$3!**

Lethologica Volume 1, Number 2
SP105 (5½" x 8½"; 24p) *First Printing*
The second issue of this well-received literary chapzine continues to showcase such Northwest talents as Reginald Bloom, Terry Fittro, Rich Ives, T. Andrew Wahl, and Post-Mortem Pre-Op. **Only \$3!**



Painful Excursions Number 10
SP104 (11¼" x 17¼"; 24p) *First Printing*
This groundbreaking issue includes the lauded exposé "Snuff—The Making of an Urban Legend", the article "Homemade Horror—The World of Trashy Fanzines", a filmography of the late Al Adamson, and reviews of the stankiest films imaginable. **Only \$2!**

GICK! Volume 1, Number 0
SP106 (7" x 10¼"; 32p) *First Printing*
Having shitcanned the original title, the journal of horror, splatter and exploitation films is back after a brief hiatus. With more reviews, a retrospective on Andy Milligan, and an informative article "How to Make a Kick-Ass Horror Film". **Only \$3!**



Also available from STIGMATA PRESS

Darkseed & Other Defamations

(6½" x 10¼"; 32p) Boneyard Press **Only \$3!**
This one-shot comic anthology from 1993 collects most of the theretofore published and unpublished, under-ground-oriented comic strips by the now-defunct Psycho Climax Studios (aka T. Andrew Wahl and Scott Stine). The publisher still owes us upwards of eight-hundred bucks, and tried to buy us off with the copies he couldn't unload, so retail outlets are encouraged to ask for our wholesale rates.



You've read about it in the pages of **GICK!**, now you can see the movie, read the book, and hear the soundtrack for yourself! (Yawn.)

god's hook's The Motion Picture

SF001 (VHS; 72m)

Only \$15.95!

A young archeology student discovers what he presumes to be "God's Hooks", *parthenosis helixi*, a mythic plant that allegedly offers immortality to those who seek it. In an effort to protect the secret—and himself—from forces beyond his control, he inadvertently draws others into the imminent web of violence that ensues.

The film itself runs about fifty minutes, and is followed by a sixty-second trailer and "The Unmaking of God's Hooks", a humorous twenty-one minute documentary that compiles outtakes and behind-the-scenes footage. This limited edition video is packaged in a full-color clamshell cover.

god's hook's by Reginald Bloom

SP104 (5 1/2" x 8 1/2"; 20p)

Only \$3!

This chapbook contains the original short story-cum-script, with material not used in the film.

how many angels can dance on the head of a pin?

An Anthology by POST-MORTEM PRE-OP

SS101 (Cassette; approximately 60m)

Only \$5!

This cassette-only release contains sixteen piano, orchestral, and world beat-inspired tracks, including instrumental versions of previously released material as well as music from God's Hooks.



Order form (Photocopies are more than acceptable. Really.)

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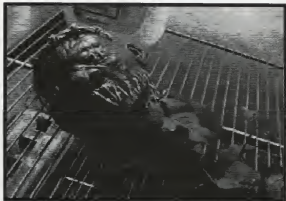
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UND SCADS OF VIDEO REVIEWS
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